

Application

Separate Rooms

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By JOSEPH CAROLE AND ALAN DINEHART



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SEPARATE ROOMS

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

BY

JOSEPH CAROLE AND ALAN DINEHART

IN COLLABORATION WITH

ALEX GOTTLIEB AND EDMUND JOSEPH

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STORY OF THE PLAY

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Copy of program of first performance of "SEPARATE
Rooms" as presented at the Plymouth Theatre,
New York:

Bobby Crawford

Presents

Alan Dinehart Glenda Farrell

Lyle Talbot

in

SEPARATE ROOMS

with

Mozelle Britton

By Joseph Carole and Alan Dinehart

In collaboration with

Alex Gottlieb and Edmund Joseph

Directed by Alan Dinehart

CAST

(In order with their appearance)

GARY BRYCE	<i>Austin Fairman</i>
TAGGART	<i>Edmund Dorsey</i>
DON STACKHOUSE	<i>Lyle Talbot</i>
SCOOP DAVIS	<i>Ron Steele</i>
PAMELA BARRY	<i>Glenda Farrell</i>
JIM STACKHOUSE	<i>Alan Dinehart</i>
LINDA ROBERTS	<i>Mozelle Britton</i>
LEONA SHARPE	<i>Madora Keene</i>

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

SETTING: *The entire action takes place in the pent-house apartment of Jim and Don Stackhouse in New York City.*

6 ORIGINAL PROGRAM—(*Continued*)

ACT I

After midnight in early spring.

ACT II

SCENE 1. *Early afternoon, two months later.*

SCENE 2. *A morning, one month later.*

ACT III

A morning, one month later.

DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS

JIM STACKHOUSE: *A newspaper man with an important syndicated column. Hard-boiled and cynical, a confirmed woman-hater. Dependent greatly on Linda Roberts, his assistant; also in love with her, but too selfish to realize it. Very fond of his brother Don.*

PAMELA BARRY: *An actress. Beautiful and colorful, imbued with an insatiable ambition, cold, calculating, ruthless—but charming with it all. About 30 years of age.*

DON STACKHOUSE: *A playwright. An idealist who is madly in love with Pamela. A lovable fellow who is in exact contrast to his brother, Jim Stackhouse.*

LINDA ROBERTS: *Jim's Girl Friday; also in love with him. Friend of Don and Pamela. She is straightforward and dynamic, the only person who can handle Jim. About 27 years of age.*

TAGGART: *A butler. He has difficulty in addressing people in the manner that indicates the attitude of a servant.*

GARY BRYCE: *Wealthy Broadway financier. Infatuated with Pamela. Determined to leave no stone unturned to make her his wife. Mellowed, charming. About 40 years of age.*

8 DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS

SCOOP DAVIS: *Press agent for Don's play and for the star, Pamela Barry. Not the typical blustering sort; a natural comedian and a little "screwy." Always on the alert to publicize his client. About 35 years of age.*

LEONA SHARPE: *An interviewer; rather eccentric. Typical of newspaper women who write about marital relationship. About 35 years of age.*

SEPARATE ROOMS

ACT ONE

SCENE: *Jim and Don Stackhouse's penthouse apartment in New York City.*

SETTING: *Luxuriously furnished living room. All appointments are ultramodernistic in design and taste.*

Down Right 1 is a door which swings off-stage—leading into a bedroom. A foot jog on stage to an arch door Right 2 that leads off to the entrance hallway in foyer. An oblique wing on stage to the rear wall. Upstage Center in rear wall is a French window with half-section windows on either side of main French windows. These windows look off into a terrace overlooking Manhattan and Brooklyn Bridge and Brooklyn. Down Left 1 is a door leading off into the kitchen and dining room. On stage is a jog to a door Left 2 which is set up on a platform that is three steps above the floor. This door leads off into another bedroom. Above door Left 2 is a circular glass window that connects with the back wall. There are built-in book shelves below window sill, above which the brick glass window extends clear to the ceiling. Between the doors Right 1 and 2 is a circular built-in bookcase which is built around the onstage jog and covers

the space between the two doors. Up Right and Right Center is a built-in bar with shelves in the back for glasses, etc. Above the bar, reaching from below the door Right 2 to the Left of French windows up Center, is a shelf or ceiling which is just the width of the bar. There are three supports for this ceiling—one above the built-in bookcase between the two doors Right 1 and 2. One support carries on above the end of the bar and in the width of the bar. The third support is Left of the French windows up Center and is joined by a built-in bookshelf that is on the Left of the support facing the Left and to the platform, etc., Left. The bar is immediately above the door or arch up Right 2 and is built on stage to Center in a semicircle. The Left end is open to admit passage behind it. The Right end contains a gate that swings both ways. Up Left and Left Center is a raised circular platform, up three steps, in which is a built-in desk that matches the rest of the woodwork. The desk is constructed on stage from Left to Center and faces the audience. Above the door Left 1, built around the onstage jog, is a built-in whatnot with a shelf above it for roses, etc. The entire woodwork of the room is done in a natural grained wood. Above the shelf covering the bar is a modernistic border or paneling which sets off the cover of the bar. Off on the terrace is a hedgerow of greens that is growing around the iron railing that surrounds the terrace. In the distance may be seen Brooklyn Bridge with its tower lights, and beyond the bridge is Brooklyn. Backing the entire panorama is a sky drop. Hanging from the roof of the terrace is an awning to keep out the sun.

A sofa, coffee table and ash receiver Left Center. A large armchair and table Right Cen-

ter. Three stools at bar up Right. Armchair in doorway up Center.

TIME: 3:00 A.M. on a morning in early spring.

AT RISE: *The stage is empty. Offstage VOICES are heard from foyer Right.*

GARY. (*As he enters from entrance hall Right 2*) Hello, Taggart, how are you? (*He is in a glowing mood. Crosses up Center.*)

TAGGART. (*Following him in with a magazine. Crossing up Right Center*) Fine, Mr. Bryce, how are you?

GARY. (*Looking around*) Where is everybody? None of the Stackhouses around?

TAGGART. I don't know where Jim is, but Don's out on the terrace with Miss Barry waiting for the notices. He's as nervous as a Kentucky child-bride. (*Crosses down Right.*)

GARY. Well, how would you feel on the opening night of your first play?

TAGGART. (*Standing in front of chair Right Center*) Probably the same way.

GARY. (*Laughs jovially, crosses Left*) Look, I think I'll have a drink!

TAGGART. (*Reading from magazine*) Go ahead, help yourself.

GARY. (*Reacts*) What?

TAGGART. And while you're at it you might pour me one. Three fingers and make 'em all thumbs.

GARY. (*Drawing himself up grandly*) Say, who's butler around here—you or I? (*Goes behind bar and gets glasses ready.*)

TAGGART. (*Puts magazine on table Right of chair Right Center*) Mr. Bryce, this is no time to become class conscious. (*Crosses to Right end*) And don't slop up my bar.

GARY. Sorry, but this is slightly out of my line.

TAGGART. Listen, we're all brothers under the cork. (*Sits on stool Right*) Four drinks and I'll bet you talk like Brooklyn instead of Piccadilly.

GARY. (*Serving TAGGART drink*) Now, you mustn't blame me. I was exposed to Oxford at a very tender age, and one never quite recovers from that sort of thing. (*Crossing outside of bar; sitting on stool Left; gaily*) Well, *here's to a long life!*

TAGGART. It's a dull idea, but I'll drink to it.

(*They down drinks.*)

GARY. Taggart, you're becoming jaded. What you need is a *wife!*

TAGGART. Yeah? Whose?

GARY. Now, now, Taggart, you'll find that "poaching" loses its thrill after a few hasty exits.

TAGGART. What's the matter, Gary, your legs goin' back on you?

GARY. Possibly. But at any rate you are now gazing on a prospective bridegroom!

TAGGART. *No!* Can't you buy this one off with a check?

GARY. Not this one. I'm in love with *her*.

TAGGART. Who is it this time?

GARY. Pam.

TAGGART. Pam— (*Reacting*) *Pamela Barry!?* (*Looks toward terrace.*)

GARY. Uh-huh—

TAGGART. Gary—you ought to talk to yourself about you.

GARY. (*Hotly*) *What?*

TAGGART. (*Catching himself*) Oh, don't mind me. You know at heart I'm really a guest insulter.

GARY. Guest insulter?

TAGGART. Sure! Jim says in the last year I've cut his list of friends down by fourteen cases of Scotch.

GARY. (*Rises, crossing Left*) Well, go easy on *me*

tonight, because I'm aces with Jim. You know it was *he* who got me to put up the money for his brother's play!

TAGGART. Really?

GARY. (*Looks at his watch*) Tell me, where is Scoop Davis?

TAGGART. (*Crossing down Right Center*) He went out about a half hour ago to get the reviews.

GARY. And he's not back yet? (*Laughs*) Those notices must be *so bad* he's ashamed to come back! (*Laughs heartily. Crosses to front of sofa.*)

TAGGART. (*Reacts*) *Bad?* Didn't you like the opening tonight?

GARY. Oh, I didn't go. (*Sits on couch.*)

TAGGART. (*Puzzled. Takes a step Left*) You didn't go?

GARY. No, I couldn't bear the sight of those poor defenseless actors. (*Laughs heartily.*)

TAGGART. (*Crossing to Right end of sofa Left Center*) You think Don's play is a flop?

GARY. *Think?* I know! Take it from me, Taggart, ever since the play form was invented, down through the ages, there has never been a play produced that was so unmistakably and thoroughly *lousy*! (*Laughs heartily*) And it only cost me *fifteen thousand dollars*! (*Guffaws.*)

TAGGART. (*Reacts, then crosses a step Right to Center*) Why didn't you spend thirty thousand and have hysterics! (*Turns Center*) But, Gary, it doesn't add up.

GARY. Oh, yes, it does, Taggart, if you analyze it carefully. (*Rises; crosses TAGGART to Right Center*) *It adds up to one important factor!* When Pam reads those reviews tonight she'll forget all about her theatrical ambitions and become *Mrs. Gary Bryce!*

TAGGART. (*Center*) Wait a minute—you mean, as an actress she stinks, and so does Don's play?

GARY. (*Gloating*) Exactly! (*Laughs. Crosses TAGGART to front of sofa.*)

TAGGART. That's certainly trapping a dame into marriage the hard way. Look, one more drink and I'll bet this whole thing clears up. (*Crossing to behind bar up Right.*)

GARY. No thanks—little later, perhaps. (*Sits on sofa.*)

DON. (*Enters from the terrace with two glasses in his hand. He is obviously nervous. Crossing to Left of bar*) Taggart— (*Places glasses on bar.*)

GARY. (*Looking up*) Oh, hello, Don!

DON. Hello, Gary—I didn't know you were here—

TAGGART. Fill 'em up again, Don? (*Takes cocktail shaker from under bar and pours a drink.*)

DON. Just mine. Pam's a little nervous out there. She wants to be alone for a little while. (*Looks at his watch*) Gee, it's after three o'clock. Where is Scoop with those papers?

GARY. (*Smugly*) He'll be along shortly.

DON. I hope so.

GARY. Nervous?

DON. I don't know, Gary. Either I'm nervous or we're in the middle of an earthquake. I almost fainted when that curtain went up tonight.

TAGGART. Here, you better have your drink.

DON. Yes, I need it. (*Gets drink; nervously*) I tell you, Gary, I'm not really worried about the notices. (*Crossing down Center*) My play's too fundamental to miss. I'm willing to let it rise or fall on the public's opinion.

TAGGART. Boy, you can't help yourself! (*Busying himself behind bar drying glasses.*)

DON. (*Turns to TAGGART*) Have you located Jim yet?

TAGGART. I've called every bar in town, but he wasn't home.

DON. I wish he'd show up. You know, it's a funny

thing about that brother of mine. He thought I was nuts, giving up a good newspaper job to write this play; but as soon as it was finished he couldn't wait to get it produced.

GARY. Maybe he thought it was pretty good.

DON. How would he know? He didn't even read it.

GARY. (*Surprised*) What?

TAGGART. That doesn't sound like Jim, but I guess he's got a soft spot in his head for you.

DON. (*Looks at watch; crosses up toward door Center*) He's certainly soft for a guy who hates sentiment. (*Places drink on bar, Left end.*)

GARY. (*Pointedly*) Sentiment and women!

DON. Yes, but every newspaperman in the country swears by him.

GARY. And every woman in the country swears at him.

TAGGART. That's the success of his column. He pans dames constantly and they love it. Boy, how he's been going after Pam Barry lately.

DON. (*Crossing to Left of bar*) Well, he'll feel differently about her after tonight. (*Picks up drink.*)

GARY. (*Smugly*) He certainly will!

DON. (*Crossing down Center; coming to GARY*) Gary—I—I don't know how to thank you. I certainly am grateful to you for backing my play—

GARY. Oh, it was nothing.

DON. —Not only taking a chance with your money, but finding a girl like *Pam* for that part! That was a stroke of genius.

GARY. Well, I—

TAGGART. (*Disgusted*) If you two girls are going to slobber over each other, I'll have to leave the room.

DON. (*In a daze*) She's certainly a great actress! Isn't she, Gary?

TAGGART. But a little shopworn— (*DON reacts*) According to Jim!

DON. (*Crossing up to Left of bar*) Oh, Jim would even suspect Elsie Dinsmore!

TAGGART. He always has.

(*DOOR CHIMES off up Right chime.*)

DON. (*Picks up telephone off bar*) Hello— Hello! (*Into phone.*)

TAGGART. (*Very excited*) It's the doorbell! Probably Scoop now with those papers— (*Rushes from behind bar to out Right 2.*)

(*DON nervously hangs up phone.*)

GARY. Well, here comes the verdict! (*Coming to DON up Center. DON reacts*) We'll soon know whether you're guilty or not guilty.

DON. (*Bracing himself*) Well, Gary, no matter what happens—they can't say I didn't try.

SCOOP. (*Off Right*) Yippee!! Hurray and hallelujah! We're in! (*SCOOP DAVIS comes in carrying an armful of newspapers*) The depression is over! (*Crosses to DON.*)

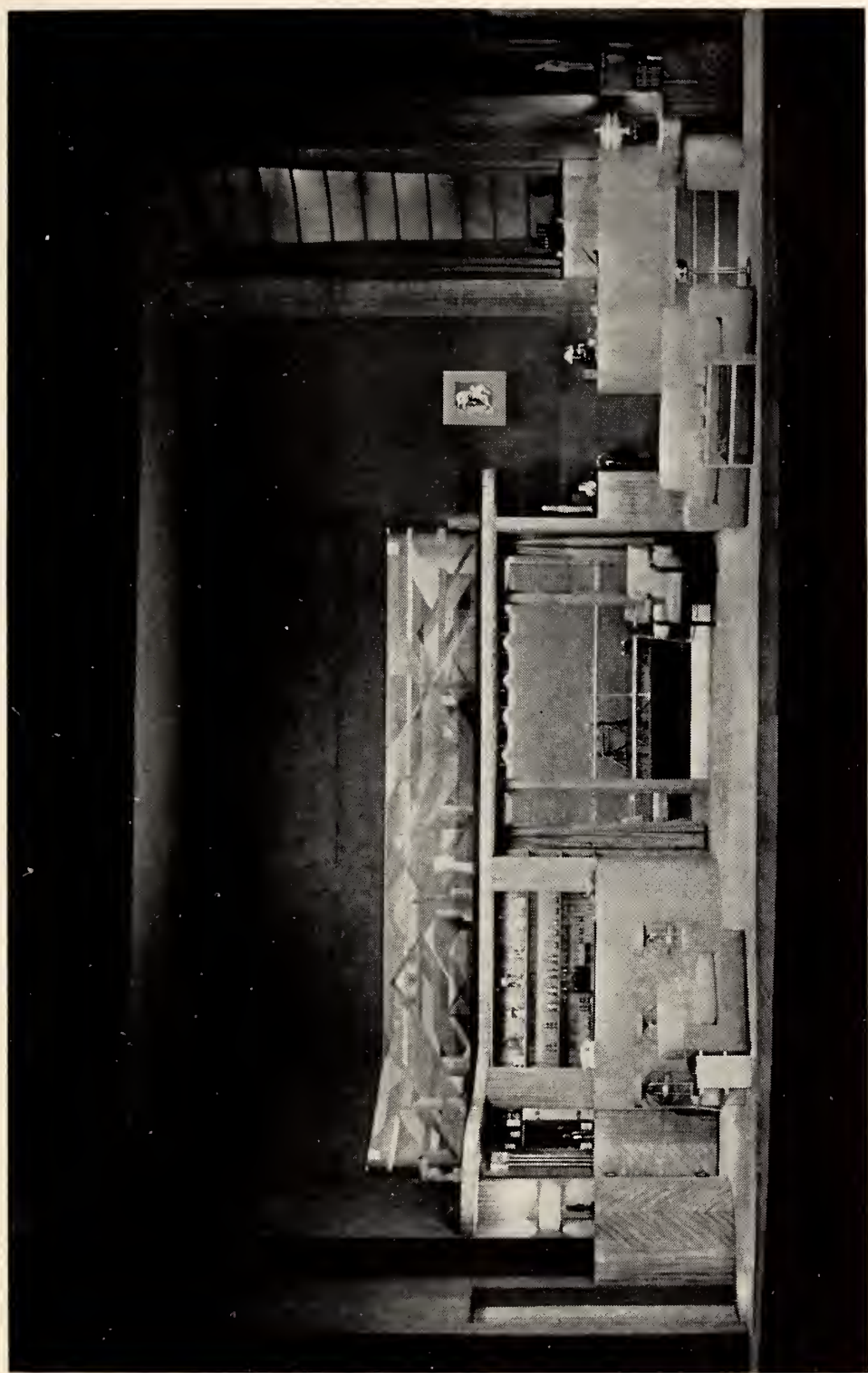
DON. (*Nervously*) Well—how are they?

SCOOP. (*Right Center*) Rave notices! Every one of them!

DON. (*Anxiously*) Let me see them—!

SCOOP. Here they are! (*Gives DON paper, then passes them out to GARY—then TAGGART. Remains Right Center*) It's gigantic! Smash hit! Probably shatter all records! (*ALL ad-lib as he passes out the papers. DON crosses nervously to sofa, sits arm of sofa, trying to find the notice. GARY, in a daze, goes to chair; sits. TAGGART remains behind bar*) The biggest thing in the theatre—it's terrific!

PAMELA. (*Rushes in from Center. She is beautiful, vivacious, self-centered and imbued with an insatia-*



ACT I

See page 9

ble ambition) What's all the excitement? (*Rushing into Center to SCOOP*) Oh—the papers! The papers—

(TAGGART *sits stool Right at bar, reading notices.*)

PAMELA. What did they say?

SCOOP. *Greetings to a new star!* You're the biggest thing since Cornell and Hayes!

PAMELA. Did they like me—? (*Looking over SCOOP's shoulder*) Did they love me?

SCOOP. (*Reading from papers*) Listen to this! "A brilliant new star came to Broadway last night and her great charm completely captivated the entire audience—!"

PAMELA. (*Grabs paper and holds it to her breast*) What a notice—*what a notice!* (*To SCOOP*) And the *Times* is always so conservative!

SCOOP. Never mind the *Times*—you'll be interviewed by every highschool paper in the city.

PAMELA. Oh, it sort of makes me want to cry—(*Almost breaks*) Just like I did in the Second Act—(*Flatly, looking in paper*) Did they like that?

SCOOP. Why, listen to this—! (*Reading*) "In her Second Act climax Pamela Barry was truly superb!"

DON. (*Still can't find anything. Rises; comes Left Center*) They must have mentioned the play—*my play*. I'm the author—remember me?

(PAMELA *crosses Left.*)

SCOOP. Here it is—(*Reading*) "Great new playwright in Don Stackhouse!"

DON. Well, that's better, that's better!

PAMELA. Quiet, darling—(*Pushing DON aside.*)

DON. I'm sorry, darling—(*Crosses to Left Center to end of sofa.*)

PAMELA. (*Reads slowly as she crosses Left*) "Delightful combination of star and author because

Barry's artistry covers up any flaws the play may have!" (*Sits on sofa.*)

(*DON sits on arm beside her.*)

GARY. (*Reading from chair Right Center*) "Strong contender for Pulitzer Prize!" My God! (*Drops the paper.*)

SCOOP. (*Crossing Right Center*) Sure! I'll bet it even sells out Holy Week.

(*PAMELA is quietly reading quotes from the paper, oblivious.*)

TAGGART. (*Coming down to GARY*) They're gonna kill this play with kindness.

DON. Well, darling, let's tell them, shall we? (*He rises*) Fellows, listen, will you— (*They turn*) I've some news that's too good to keep! Pam and I are going to be married!

SCOOP. *What?*

GARY. (*Jumps up from chair*) What's that?

(*TAGGART crosses in back of chair to Right Center.*)

SCOOP. (*Crossing to PAMELA and DON Left Center*) Well, what do you think of that! You sure picked yourself a winner, Pam. (*Goes to PAMELA, who is still reading*) Congratulations from your press agent! (*She gives him a dead fish look. To DON*) Ah, you're a lucky boy, Don!

DON. I sure am! A smash hit and a lovely fiancée all in one night. What more could anyone ask?

SCOOP. (*To GARY*) Well, sourpuss, what's the matter with you?

TAGGART. (*Between them*) He's worried about his income tax. (*Goes back of bar.*)

SCOOP. (*Crossing to GARY, Right Center*) He

should be. Just wait 'til those grosses start to pile up.

GARY. Grosses?

SCOOP. Boy, what a wedding present they'll get from you. (*Laughs.*)

GARY. (*Pushes SCOOP away*) Oh, Don! (*Crosses Left*) Congratulations! (*Holds out his hand.*)

DON. (*Shakes hands*) Thank you, Gary.

(SCOOP crosses up to bar; sits on stool Right. He has picked up paper GARY left in chair, which he gives to TAGGART, who in turn puts it under bar.)

GARY. The best of luck, old man.

DON. Thanks for everything—your faith in me—

PAMELA. (*Comes back to earth for a second*) In us, darling—Gary's been so sweet and so helpful—he'll be a part of our lives even after we're married—won't you, Gary? (*Smiles at him meaningly.*)

DON. Of course he will, dear! Gary gave me my break and I'm glad I came through.

GARY. (*Eyeing PAMELA, crosses R.*) You certainly did, in more ways than one.

PAMELA. (*Comes to*) Now, Gary, you can't blame a girl for falling in love with a man who gets her notices like these.

GARY. Sorry, all *I* can write are checks.

DON. (*Holding paper to PAMELA*) Oh, look at this, dear—

PAMELA. (*As DON starts to embrace her she pulls away; rises, crossing Left*) Oh, please, please! Won't you all forgive me? I just want to go out on the terrace and look at New York.

DON. (*Quietly*) Do you mind if I come along, dear?

PAMELA. (*Picking up her notices*) Well, my mood—my mood—promise not to break it?

DON. I won't say a word—if I think of an epigram I'll just jot it down quietly.

PAMELA. (*Condescending*) All right— (*Crosses up to Center door*) Dear New York! (*Turns back to them*) I want to see it tonight in perfect silence— You see, it's my last look as a commoner. For tomorrow—*tomorrow*—they'll claim me as their own and I'll belong to them. (*Turns. As DON follows, she exits on terrace to Left*) New York—my New York—*how I love you*—

DON. (*Turns at entrance; quietly*) That's Brooklyn— (*Tiptoes out after her.*)

(*There is a short silence as the OTHERS look after them. GARY crosses up and looks off in direction they exited.*)

TAGGART. (*Breaking the silence; to GARY*) Could I mix you a nice Mickey Finn?

(*GARY reacts; crosses down Left.*)

SCOOP. (*Laughing heartily, following him down Center*) Well, Gary, if that happened to me I'd feel terrible too. (*Leaving paper on bar, which TAGGART places under it.*)

GARY. Well, it didn't and nobody cares how you feel.

SCOOP. Forget it! You've got the biggest hit of the year right in your lap!

GARY. What I want in my lap is not a hit.

TAGGART. (*Wiping glasses behind bar*) Don't worry, Gary, you didn't lose much.

SCOOP. (*Crossing to TAGGART at bar*) Where do you get off making a crack like that?

TAGGART. I'm only quoting Jim Stackhouse.

SCOOP. He has the wrong idea 'bout her, the big sorehead. Doesn't like anybody who's not afraid of

him, but some day Jim's gonna have a lot of respect for her. (*Crossing down Center*) She's a terrific box-office personality—

TAGGART. She's a rotten actress.

SCOOP. (*Turns to TAGGART, threatening, crossing up Center*) Look here, you—

TAGGART. I'm only quoting Jim Stackhouse.

GARY. (*With absolute annoyance*) *To hell with Jim Stackhouse.* (*Crosses to TAGGART, Left of bar*) Where is that infallible mirror of the world's private affairs?

TAGGART. He'll be along soon. This is his *home*, isn't it? He's bound to show up some time.

GARY. (*Pacing*) I wonder.

SCOOP. (*Goes to GARY, Right Center*) Gary, you've just come through with something that's the ambition of every producer in show business.

GARY. And that's all I'll ever hear! Smash hit! Genius! Sold out for weeks in advance—Pulitzer Prize!

SCOOP. But think of the grosses—

GARY. (*Hotly*) Grosses! (*Going after SCOOP; backing him up Left behind sofa. SCOOP pats him on shoulder*) Can I put my arm around grosses? ! Can I walk up to the altar with grosses? Will sitting around with a box-office console me in my old age?

SCOOP. The life-blood of the theatre and you slander it—you're too sentimental.

TAGGART. He can *afford* to be sentimental.

SCOOP. (*Crossing to sofa, sits Right arm*) Just the same, if I had those grosses—

GARY. (*Whirls angrily on SCOOP; crossing Left Center*) The next one who mentions grosses to me—(*The outside door is heard to SLAM. GARY turns and faces Right 2 entrance. JIM STACKHOUSE blusters in. A newspaper columnist, as described. It is obvious he is very much upset*) Well! If it isn't the *master mind*!

JIM. (*Entering*) Hello, Taggart!

TAGGART. (*Automatically pours drink for JIM*) Hi, Jim!

JIM. Hello, Gary! (*Crossing to GARY, Center*) Well! I thought I'd find you here.

GARY. (*Sarcastically; up Left Center*) Did you read the papers?

JIM. (*Losing his temper*) Yes, I read them. (*GARY starts to speak*) Don't bore me with the details! I can't understand it— It's unbelievable— Look, are you sure you produced the right play?

GARY. The one you gave me. And I thought you said the critics were your friends.

(TAGGART pours JIM a drink in a whiskey glass.)

JIM. (*Bewildered*) A little too friendly, I'd say. (*Turns to TAGGART; crosses to Left of bar*) Where is the great American playwright? (*Picks up drink and drinks.*)

TAGGART. (*Indicating terrace*) Out on the terrace with Pam.

GARY. Would it be of any interest to you to know that he's just announced his engagement to her?

JIM. (*Slams glass down on bar*) Engagement? Why, that's ridiculous!

GARY. But, unfortunately, true!

TAGGART. Honest, Jim, he had that silly look that means happiness.

JIM. So she finally did it, eh? Well, there you are. I can't be every place at the same time.—There *must* be some way to make marriage illegal, especially for actresses. (*Pacing up and down Right.*)

GARY. I can see you're delighted with the good news.

JIM. (*Up Right Center*) Beyond words! I feel just like a man who sat in the electric chair and pulled the switch himself.

GARY. A charming idea, but she'd still marry Don.

JIM. (*At Center*) All right! I feel worse about that than anybody. However, there's one thing that should take the sting out of it for you, Gary—those weekly grosses—Ha—ha— (*Crosses down Right to chair.*)

GARY. (*Explodes*) I want to go on record right now as not giving a *tinker's damn* about grosses. (*Crossing down Right Center to JIM*) When I put up that money for your brother's play you promised me it would be a complete flop.

JIM. And I haven't changed my mind. But that's what happens when you let an audience in a theatre. (*Sits in chair Right Center.*)

SCOOP. (*Rises; crossing Left Center*) Would you gentlemen care to give me the reason for this cock-eyed venture in high finance? It should be very interesting.

JIM. *Aah!*

GARY. (*Crossing Center*) Right! Here's an exclusive for you! Jim thought that Pam with a flop on her hands would quit the theatre in disgust and marry me, and that Don would be through with play-writing and go back to the newspaper game.

SCOOP. (*Crosses Right Center to JIM*) It's treason. That's what it is! Everybody is going to hear about this!

JIM. (*Rises; to SCOOP*) Look here, Scoop, if you use one word of this in your publicity I'll brain you. You're not to use me as copy.

(*SCOOP crosses up Right Center.*)

GARY. (*Sarcastically. Crosses Left Center in front of couch Left Center*) Oh, no, the Stackhouse prestige mustn't be jeopardized, but I can roost permanently in the dog house—with nothing to console me but a lot of infernal grosses.

JIM. (*Crossing Left to GARY*) Gary, I didn't think it had a chance!

(*SCOOP crosses down Right.*)

GARY. Oh, your judgment's rotten.

JIM. All right! What do you want me to do now—stand out in front of the theatre with a machine-gun and shoot the customers as they go up to the box-office?

TAGGART. (*Always helpful. Behind bar*) Why don't you run a double feature? That'll kill it.

JIM. At any rate, my heart was in the right place. I tried to steer a dame away from my brother and sic her onto you, which I suppose would have made me a heel on two counts.

SCOOP. (*Crossing Center to JIM in front of chair Right Center*) You can't talk that way about my meal ticket!

JIM. (*Disgusted*) Look, Scoop, if she's paying you anything, she ought to charge it off to charity.

TAGGART. Jim!

JIM. What? (*Crosses up to bar, Left end.*)

TAGGART. Linda called.

(*SCOOP crosses; sits arm of sofa Left.*)

JIM. What did she say—not to use this blast to my ego as an excuse for a bender?

TAGGART. No—just told me not to give you another drink.

JIM. Was that all?

TAGGART. She'll drop by on her way home.

JIM. (*Crosses to door Right 1*) Oh—just can't wait until tomorrow morning to do her crowing, eh?

TAGGART. Going to bed?

JIM. No, I think I'll sit up for thirty minutes and write a hit play. (*Exits Right 1.*)

TAGGART. (*Never misses an opportunity pouring drinks*) Gentlemen, I'm pouring.

SCOOP. (*SCOOP Right and GARY Left advance to bar*) That's a good idea!

GARY. Yes, I can use one.

(TAGGART pours drinks.)

SCOOP. You know, Falstaff, for a butler you're a most congenial host!

TAGGART. Thanks. (*GARY and SCOOP start to drink while TAGGART hesitates briefly to say to GARY:*) Well, here's to your grosses. (*TAGGART tosses off his drink while GARY and SCOOP nearly choke.*)

(*GARY crosses down Right. DON and PAMELA re-enter from terrace.*)

DON. (*Coming down Left Center*) We've had more fun overlooking Brooklyn together, haven't we, dear?

PAMELA. (*Carried away with her thoughts. Crossing down Center*) I'll cherish that moment forever!

SCOOP. (*Enamored; crosses down Right Center to PAMELA*) A beautiful thought!

PAMELA. (*Breaking mood at sight of SCOOP*) For heaven's sake, are you still here?

SCOOP. Sure, I'm waiting to get the dope on the wedding.

(*GARY crosses to bar and sits stool Right; pours himself a drink.*)

PAMELA. (*In a daze*) The wedding?—Oh, the wedding!

SCOOP. It's still on, isn't it?

PAMELA. Of course! Don wants to be married as soon as possible.

DON. And the sooner the better.

SCOOP. Great! I'll arrange a beautiful church affair—bridesmaids, ushers, tons of flowers, organ music—I'll get a radio hook-up and broadcast coast to coast.

PAMELA. (*At Center*) But nothing more than that, now! Don wants just a simple little wedding.

SCOOP. (*Right Center*) What about the newsreels?

DON. (*Left Center*) Whose wedding is this? Mine or Fox Movietone?

SCOOP. But Pam's a public figure now—

DON. (*Thrilled*) She's my star!

SCOOP. What do you mean a star—a *constellation*! If I could only think of a new angle!

TAGGART. They could spend their wedding night in Macy's window. (*Behind bar.*)

(*GARY laughs and takes a drink that he has poured during the above scene.*)

SCOOP. Sure— (*Reacts*) Quiet! (*After laugh, to DON*) Don't you want to help your wife's career?

DON. Of course, but—

PAMELA. (*Turns to DON and embraces him*) And darling, perhaps now you owe something to *your* public.

DON. Well—all right.

(*PAMELA embraces him.*)

SCOOP. *Great!* And I'll have the minister plug the name of the play in the ceremony! Oh, boy—what an idea that is! (*Exits Right 2.*)

TAGGART. (*Behind bar*) How about a drink to celebrate? (*To PAMELA*) Some gin or whiskey, Miss Barry, or another Pepsi Cola?

PAMELA. Thank you. (*Crosses to bar; sits on Left stool.*)

(GARY is on stool Right. DON crosses up to Left of bar.)

GARY. And where are you two going to set up the fireside?

DON. Pam says she'd like to live up here.

TAGGART. (*Alarmed*) Up here? Way off from everybody? (*Gets drink of Cola from under bar and puts two straws in it.*)

PAMELA. (*Gloating on the other*) Oh, I think that would be wonderful! A star living among the stars! (*Spreads her arms.*)

(TAGGART gives her a drink in Right hand and DON kisses the Left hand.)

GARY. And who's going to be the best man, or is that still a matter for conjecture?

DON. Why, *Jim* will be, of course.

PAMELA. Why *Jim*? I'd feel awfully silly standing in front of that minister with a knife in my back.

DON. Oh, *Jim* wouldn't hurt anybody. He's just a big overgrown baby.

PAMELA. Yes, the kind who'd *stick* you with his *safety pin*!

TAGGART. Aw, Miss Barry, Don and *Jim* have been brothers for a long time! You three'll hit it off nicely. You see, *Jim* can keep his old room and you and Don—

PAMELA. (*Rising*) Not three, Taggart, just *two*.

DON. But *why*, darling?

PAMELA. You see, my numerologist warned me against odd numbers—and *Jim* is certainly odd. (*Crosses Left, sipping drink.*)

GARY. That's almost verging on sacrilege; it's like cutting the Gordian knot.

PAMELA. Well, what do you want my home to be—a hotel for men?

TAGGART. Sounds like I'm gonna get tossed out on the asphalt too.

DON. Of course not!

PAMELA. We'll discuss that later, Taggart! (*Sits Right arm of sofa.*)

TAGGART. You can't put me in the breadline—my doctor says no *starches*. (*Crosses to door Right 2 from behind bar through gate Right end of bar.*)

DON. Don't worry, Taggart. When Jim comes home I'll have a talk with him.

GARY. But he is home—and we've told him the good news.

DON. Oh, I wanted to tell him myself. How did he take it?

TAGGART. Oh, fine—fine! There was just a *fleck* of foam around his mouth. (*Exits Right 2.*)

DON. Excuse me, dear. I better go in and talk to Jim. (*Crosses to door Right 1.*)

PAMELA. And you just make him understand!

DON. (*Doubtfully*) Yes-s-s— (*Exits Right 1.*)

PAMELA. (*Turning to GARY, who is glaring at her from bar*) Well, Gary—isn't it all just too, too wonderful!

GARY. (*Rises, crossing Center*) It must be a vicarious thrill to marry a man you hardly know.

PAMELA. Nonsense. I had lunch with Don every day last week.

GARY. (*Crossing Left to sofa*) Well, there's nothing like the daily *pat of butter* for bringing two people together.

PAMELA. (*Rising and sitting on sofa; folding her legs up under her*) Oh, Gary, I can only marry one man.

GARY. (*Sits Right arm of sofa*) Pardon me for inquiring, but whatever became of that marriage proposal I made to you?

PAMELA. Oh, you didn't mean that— (*Puts Cola on table Left of sofa.*)

GARY. What?

PAMELA. You're a playboy. You should never marry. You owe so much to so many women!

GARY. Well, I only wanted to plow under my wild oats. After all, my father did marry my mother.

PAMELA. Yes, I know, darling—but that was the conventional era. A home in the country, a dutiful wife, even children! Oh, Gary, that's so *dated*.

GARY. Of course! You couldn't live that way. With you your career comes first.

PAMELA. That's right, darling.

GARY. Then why are you marrying Don?

PAMELA. Love isn't everything. A woman must think of herself, of her career, of her future.

GARY. (*Sits on sofa*) Look here, Pam, you're walking right out of my life, throwing yourself away on a playwright who hit the jackpot with a plugged nickel! What do you expect me to do, give three lusty cheers?

PAMELA. Darling, don't spoil our friendship. (*Puts Cola on coffee table Left of sofa.*)

GARY. Friendship?

PAMELA. I'm terribly fond of you.

GARY. Then why don't you marry me? I'll do anything for you—give you everything—

PAMELA. Yes, everything except the thing I want *most*!

GARY. (*Resigned*) But I'll buy you a neon sign.

PAMELA. Well, I'm sorry, Gary.

GARY. (*Rises, crossing Center*) Well, I've given you everything else you wanted. If you must have a playwright for a husband I guess it'll have to be all right. (*Turns to her*) But I'm thinking of the theatre, Pam. It's pretty precarious—either a feast or a famine.

PAMELA. (*With violence*) There isn't going to be any famine.

GARY. You're very sure.

PAMELA. I'm absolutely sure. All I needed was a hit and I have it. I'm going on and up. Nothing's going to stop me—*nothing!*

GARY. Good luck, my dear. (*Starts to go up Right.*)

PAMELA. (*Very feminine*) Gary, darling. (*Rises; crosses Center*) You won't let this change anything between us?

GARY. (*Crosses back Center to PAMELA*) I won't change. I don't throw love over my shoulder. It's too valuable, comes too seldom. I can wait. And in the meantime, let me wish you happiness, a lot of success, and no famine!

(*He takes her in his arms and is about to embrace her when JIM enters from Right 1. PAMELA, seeing him, switches caress from lips to forehead.*)

JIM. (*Crossing Right Center*) How touching! Right on the old forehead! Ha! Ha!

GARY. That, my friend, was a farewell salute.

(*PAMELA crosses Left and sits on sofa.*)

JIM. For your sake, I hope so.

PAMELA. (*Bitingly. Picks up Cola drink from coffee table Left of sofa*) If that were coming from anyone but you, I'd consider it an insult.

JIM. Now don't be confused just because I do most of my slugging with a typewriter.

PAMELA. And always below the belt.

JIM. You may not like my column and the things I say, but ten million readers turn to me every day.

PAMELA. It's amazing, the number of morons who can read! (*Folds her knees up under her.*)

JIM. (*Burns*) Fortunately, my circulation manager thinks I'm rather an extraordinary person.

GARY. And a great judge of plays!

JIM. Oh, you want to go all over that again? (*He crosses to GARY, Center.*)

GARY. I thought rehash was your stock-in-trade.

JIM. Right now I'd like to make a suggestion to you.

GARY. Oh, you still have ideas?

JIM. Yes, and apparently so have you. (*Meaning look to PAMELA*) Don't you think as long as you've lost out with Miss Barry and she's about to become the property of another man it would be awfully decent of you to tear up your option?

GARY. You know, you're the most constructive meddler who ever lived.

JIM. It's just a brotherly suggestion.

GARY. Sorry, Jim, but I happen to be a romantic weakling.

(*PAMELA smiles. JIM crosses up Center to door.*)

GARY. (*Crosses Left to PAMELA, above sofa. Almost tenderly*) If I've had anything to do with bringing you happiness, that's fine. Don's a nice fellow and, well, I'll be interested to see what happens. Good night, Pam.

PAM. Good night, darling.

GARY. (*Crosses up Right Center for door*) And Jim, you keep right on being the pet of your circulation manager. You get a break—no one writes a column about you— (*At door Right 2*) Good night, play picker! (*Exits Right 2.*)

JIM. (*In door up Center. Looking after him*) Good night. (*With a glance at PAMELA, then calls off to GARY*) You lucky dog. (*Starts for terrace.*)

PAMELA. Just how did you mean that?

JIM. Just the way you thought I did. (*Goes out on terrace.*)

PAMELA. Wait a minute! Come here!

JIM. (*Crossing down Center*) What's the matter now. You want to try out a new insult?

PAMELA. I just want to talk to you.

JIM. (*Down Center*) Why? When there's such a perfect misunderstanding?

PAMELA. Oh, you *dislike* me, don't you?

JIM. No. I *distrust* a dame who's pulling what you are!

PAMELA. (*Hotly*) Don't call me a *dame*.

JIM. I'd call you worse than that, but some of them have character.

PAMELA. (*Contains herself*) Your nose is out of joint because I happen to be marrying your brother.

JIM. (*Crossing Right Center*) Well, I'll tell you about that. There's nothing in this world I'd like better than to see Don married to a woman who would help him and make him happy, but you're not that woman. You don't care a rap about him.

PAMELA. No?

JIM. If Don's play had been a flop you'd have fallen into Gary Bryce's arms and helped *him* spend *his* money. (*Crossing to Center*) By golly, even your heart is counterfeit.

PAMELA. (*Pause*) Really—

JIM. (*Angrily*) You're taking that boy for a ride, just as you've taken every other man who's been fool enough to fall for you.

PAMELA. Perhaps this time *I've* fallen.

JIM. No, not you! It's an act. Part of your fight for your own build-up. But I'll say this for you: You can act a damn sight better off the stage than you can on. (PAMELA *burns and puts glass on coffee table Left of sofa*) And ten million readers are going to find out about it. (*Crosses Right.*)

PAMELA. (*Rises; comes Center to him; hotly*) All right. Go ahead with your mudslinging, one-man crusade. But just remember this: from now on every time you take a punch at me you hit Don too.

JIM. (*Crossing back to PAMELA, Center*) I can pull my punches with him. But when I get through with you, Miss Barry, you can use your reputation for a tea-strainer.

PAMELA. Don loves me. I'm marrying him, and that's final, so you'd better get it firmly fixed in that thick skull of yours—you— (*DON enters Right 1. PAMELA, breaking into sobs, turns away from JIM*) Oh—darling!

(*JIM crosses up to her.*)

DON. (*Coming to her anxiously, Center*) What's all this?

PAMELA. It's Jim—he's cut me to the quick. (*Goes into DON'S arms, sobbing.*)

JIM. (*At bar—sarcastically*) She has such a sensitive quick!

DON. (*Consoling her, leads her up to steps up Left*) There—there. You go to my room and get your things—I'll take you home.

PAMELA. (*Starts for Left 2 bedroom. On platform, whirls on JIM*) That big bully—if he thinks for one minute—

DON. (*Standing below PAMELA on first step*) Now, darling, let me handle this, won't you? No one is going to make you unhappy—no one!

PAMELA. Oh, darling, you'll have to fight all my battles for me from now on. I'm just a poor, defenseless woman! (*Exits Left 2, wailing.*)

(*DON turns on JIM. JIM is swearing under his breath.*)

DON. (*Crossing down off steps to up Left Center*) What's the matter with you, Jim?—You promised to make friends with her.

JIM. I did my best; I was frank and honest.

DON. *Yes? Well, nobody ever made friends that way!* You took advantage of getting her alone to put on the pressure.

JIM. I told her the truth, that's all.

DON. Not the truth; your opinion—

JIM. (*Comes to DON, up Left Center*) Look, Don, when Dad passed on, the last thing I promised him was to slap your ears back every time you stepped out of line. Now, I've kept that promise and I'll continue to keep it.

DON. All right, Jim, I appreciate every time you've kicked some sense into me, but leave Pam alone. You owe her an apology.

JIM. Hah! *An apology.* If I owe her anything it certainly isn't an apology. Why, she's making a sap out of you. (*Crosses down Right to chair.*)

DON. (*Crossing to sofa. Sits Right arm of sofa*) Then it's wonderful, being a sap.

JIM. She's had a dozen men in love with her, used each one for a stepping stone and then wiped her feet on them. That's the record.

DON. I'm the *last* step. She can't go any further. That makes me the winner.

JIM. That makes you the *chump*. At least none of the others married her.

DON. I'm not interested in what she did before—every woman has a past.

JIM. *Not like hers!*

DON. Jim, they don't print a girl's record on the wedding license. As far as I'm concerned the past is something you bury.

JIM. Fine. I'll print a wreath in my column. (*He turns to DON, crossing Center*) Can't you see why she wants to hook you? You can write more plays for her. Why, you can sum up her entire character in one word—*ambition!*

DON. What's wrong with ambition?

JIM. Nothing, when it isn't gratified at someone else's expense.

DON. (*Rising; crossing to JIM, Center*) Jim, you don't understand Pam. She's an actress. Of course she's over-ambitious, over-dominant, over-sure of herself. Those are all instinctive weaknesses of her profession, but compensated for in this case by Pam's rare talent.

JIM. Rare talent? For hooking a sucker? That's not so rare. (*Sits arm of chair Right Center.*)

DON. What about the reaction of that audience to-night? They made her take nine curtain calls while you sat on your hands.

JIM. If I hadn't I'd have thrown something at her.

DON. (*Crossing Right Center*) Pam's worked her way up from the chorus to stardom. That took fight and courage, and that's what I want in a woman. Some day you'll appreciate her.

JIM. Not me. She's so obvious. Stock model number one for a million just like her.

DON. The same old ideas about women, eh?

JIM. Not ideas. Inside information! (*Rises. DON takes step upstage*) Have you any idea what that kind of a woman will do to a guy like you who's all filled with chivalry, a sense of duty and all that bunk?

DON. (*Humoring him*) I'm sorry, Jim, but I'm sold, up to the neck.

JIM. But why her? Why don't you marry some woman who'll help you and make you happy?

DON. Do you know anyone you can recommend?

JIM. No, I don't! They're a useless lot, these modern girls! (*Crosses Center; DON Right Center*) Listen, if some fellow could discover a satisfactory substitute for the biological urge, the whole damned sex would be out of luck. (*Crosses down Left.*)

DON. Some girl must have given you an awfully dirty deal once.

JIM. (*Crossing to DON, Right Center*) All right. You'll find out when you live long enough that a dame is a dame. They're all alike: same clothes, same makeup, same hand in same pocket, same everything! (*Crossing down Right*) Mass production—just like *Fords*!

DON. Well, I'm sorry, Jim. Somehow you and I just don't think alike. (*Crossing up and down Center*) And I resent your point of view about Pam, even if I don't resent you.

JIM. So that's the way you feel about it, eh?

DON. Exactly.

JIM. All right, fellow. Pleasant dreams. In my business I have no time for them.

DON. Well. I'm glad somebody had. All right, Jim, you keep your facts. I'm hanging onto my dreams.

(*Offstage VOICES. JIM and DON react. JIM sits chair Right Center. DON crosses up Center.*)

LINDA. (*Off Right 2*) Hello, Taggart. Is Jim home yet?

TAGGART. (*Off Right 2*) Yeah, and sober as a judge.

LINDA. (*Off*) That's good.

DON. Hello, Linda!

LINDA. (*Enters, glances at JIM, then crosses happily to DON up Center*) Congratulations, Don!

DON. Thanks, Linda! Where the devil have you been?

LINDA. (*Shakes her head*) My boss gave me a last-minute assignment.

DON. This hour of the night?

LINDA. When you work for Jim Stackhouse you're on call from crack of dawn to crack of dawn.

JIM. We can't all have hits; some of us have to work.

LINDA. (*Turns quickly; crosses to JIM in chair Right Center*) Have you been drinking tonight?

(DON comes down Center.)

JIM. I had my quota.

LINDA. Thank heavens you knew when to stop. I'm much too tired to play *nursemaid*. (*Turns to DON; gaily*) Well, Don, you bowled them over—took everyone by surprise!

DON. Here's another surprise for you. Pam and I are going to be married.

LINDA. (*Stunned*) What—! (*Turns to JIM*) Well, how do you like that?

JIM. I'm screaming for joy.

LINDA. Don, that's wonderful! You'll be happy—

DON. I think so.

LINDA. It'll work out swell. I know Pam.

DON. (*To JIM*) Are you listening?

JIM. Some things you hear without listening.

LINDA. Don't mind Jim. Remember his prediction on the Van Cleve wedding? He said it wouldn't last *six months*. That was five years ago. They're still married and have two children.

JIM. (*Hotly*) I'll bet they're not his.

LINDA. (*Burns*) She'd be a very clever girl to fool him twice.

JIM. You remind me tomorrow to find out who her doctor was.

LINDA. You're impossible. (*To DON*) Where is Pam?

DON. In my room getting her wraps.

LINDA. Good— (*Starts to run up on platform leading into bedroom Left 2.*)

JIM. (*Rising quickly*) Hey, wait a minute! (*LINDA pulls up and stares at JIM*) I want to talk to you. You may defer your *congratulations*. (*LINDA gives JIM a knowing look; crosses down steps; takes*

off coat; puts it on back of sofa. To DON, who crosses up Left Center, followed by JIM up Center) Well, go on, sentimental Tommy—get your girl friend ready for a necking party in Central Park. I know the routine.

DON. (*Grinning; as he starts up stairs to bedroom Left 2*) If you do, it's strictly from hearsay.

LINDA. (*Discouraged. Back of sofa*) Yes. As far as Jim's concerned, love is just an invention of the movies.

JIM. (*Crossing down Right*) It's a damn sight easier to walk out of a movie than a marriage.

DON. (*On platform up Left*) Don't worry about him, Linda. Time wounds all heels! (*Exits Left 2 as they humor slow laugh.*)

LINDA. Well, Jim, how does it feel to be on the receiving end for a change? (*Walks around and sits on Right arm of sofa*) You've had this coming to you for a long time. You've outsmarted yourself for once and it serves you right.

JIM. You're a big help.

LINDA. You wouldn't accept help from anyone. You know it all.

JIM. How much time before the deadline?

LINDA. What are you going to do?

JIM. *I'm going to blast her right out of the theatre.*

LINDA. (*Reacts*) What?

JIM. Why, it's a cinch. She has so many skeletons in her closet she can't close the door. All I need is the proof. You've known her a long time. Get me the lowdown.

LINDA. (*Rising; crossing Center*) And if I don't?

JIM. What are you talking about?

LINDA. I'm with you when you're right, Jim, but this time you're wrong; so count me out. (*Crosses quickly behind sofa; picks up coat and bag.*)

JIM. Listen, kid, you work for me; that's your job.

LINDA. (*Starts for exit Right 2*) Go ahead—soil your own lily-white conscience.

JIM. (*Quickly, crossing up Left Center*) What are you doing, going noble on me?

LINDA. (*Turning*) Look, it's tough enough to have to dig up dirt about people I don't know. But when it comes to squirming into a friend's confidence, I draw the line. Sorry—you'll have to get along without me. (*Starts out.*)

JIM. I'm thinking about Don.

LINDA. (*Comes back; lays coat on back of chair Right Center*) And suppose she does marry Don; what business is it of yours? (*Crossing Left Center*) Who are you to judge who loves who and what's going to happen? Who are you, God?

JIM. Well, I'll be damned!

LINDA. (*Going to him*) Jim, if you do this I'll never forgive you. (*Notices his tie; smooths it hurriedly*) Why don't you fix your collar?—it's all cockeyed.

JIM. (*Slapping her hand back, steps away from her to Left*) Will you let my collar alone?

LINDA. You ought to let them work this out themselves. (*Notices his hair*) And look at your hair—I told you to carry a comb. (*Reaches up to smooth it.*)

JIM. (*Knocks her hand down*) Will you let me alone? What is this, Decoration Day?

LINDA. (*Center—turns; follows him*) —And how do you know they won't be happy?

JIM. Happy with her? Wait till you see what happens.

LINDA. All right, wait! But don't do anything now. Why, he wouldn't care *what you printed*; he's too much in love with her. And besides, you owe it to Pam as my *friend*—

JIM. Will you stop reading Dale Carnegie? !

(LINDA reacts as JIM crosses Right and sits in chair Right Center.)

LINDA. (*After a pause, decides to change her tactics. Crosses down to chair Right Center. Sits on arm Left*) Jim, you believe in me, don't you?

JIM. (*Hates to admit it*) All right, I believe in you. So what?

LINDA. Then wait. Look—if Pam steps out of line you can open up afterwards.

JIM. What's wrong with now?

LINDA. *You'll have to wait.*

JIM. Wilkie, eh?

LINDA. Don't you see, Jim—then if you're right, no one can say you didn't give her a break.

JIM. She sure *must* be a pal.

LINDA. (*Rises, crossing Center*) She's making her living just as I am and a lot of others. You know, you've handed her a raw deal from the start. But she's had spunk enough to rise above it and I admire her for it.

JIM. It's amazing the way you women stick together.

LINDA. Well, are you going to give her a chance?

JIM. I don't know why I have to listen to you.

LINDA. Remember the times you wished you had?

JIM. I know I'm right. I ought to let her have it—both barrels. (*Pause*) What the hell am I waiting for?

LINDA. Oh, *Jim!* It isn't fair to do this thing now and *I don't want you to.*

JIM. (*Looks at her a moment, then rises; crosses to her, Center*) Oh, you want to make it a personal matter, do you?

LINDA. Please, Jim.

JIM. All right, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll lay off—for three months.

LINDA. Three months! Do you think that's time enough?

JIM. Time enough?—It's too much—

LINDA. (*Breaking in quickly. JIM turns away; folds arms*) All right! All right! All right! Three months! Word of honor?

JIM. Word of honor.

LINDA. That's always good enough for me. (*She sticks up her lips to be kissed. He gives her a peck. LINDA reacts*) You're sure you can spare that! (*JIM reacts. They walk away from each other*) Oh, by the way, Jim, where are they going to live? (*LINDA starts for coat on back of chair Right Center. JIM stops at bedroom door down Right. She throws coat to him.*)

JIM. How do I know where they're going to live? I'm not there— Where the hell is the top of this— Why? (*Helps her with coat.*)

LINDA. Oh, nothing. I just wondered if they were going to stay up here.

JIM. (*Backing. Shoves her away to Left Center*) Up here with me? In my apartment? Not on your life! (*Pause, then turns quickly*) What are you trying to do now—throw me out of my own home? !

LINDA. No—!

(DON and PAMELA enter Left 2.)

PAMELA. Hello, Linda!

LINDA. (*Turns; crosses up Right Center. JIM crosses down Right*) Pam, darling, congratulations! I wish you all the happiness in the world.

PAMELA. (*Comes down steps to Left Center*) Well, thank you.

LINDA. (*Up Right Center*) They don't make them any better than Don. I knew him *when*.

DON. (*Crossing PAMELA to up Center to LINDA*)

You certainly did, Linda. You used to see me at my desk for hours without an assignment.

JIM. (*Crossing down Right to chair*) Well, you have one now.

(LINDA and DON react.)

DON. We'll drive you home, Linda. Jim looks a little tired.

LINDA. That's sweet of you, Don. Jim's had a tough day all night. (*Crosses Right.*)

JIM. (*Crossing up Right Center*) Oh, Pam!

PAMELA. Yes?

JIM. About those things I said tonight—I—I want to apologize.

PAMELA. (*Suspiciously*) What's the catch?

JIM. No catch! I was a little rough. I'm sorry.

PAMELA. Well, I never expected you to step out of character.

DON. Oh, come on, Pam, let's forget it.

PAMELA. All right, darling, if that's what you want—Of course. (*Crosses down Left Center to sofa.*)

JIM. (*Coming to DON, Center*) I said some things to both of you—I hope you understand that I didn't mean them—

DON. Sure, Jim, that's all over.

JIM. Thanks, Don. Pam's a fine girl. She'll make you very happy—I hope! Slightly confused by too much Scotch. I had things figured out all wrong—I guess.

LINDA. You know, it's amazing how you can go in two directions at the same time.

(JIM looks disgustedly at LINDA; crosses down Right to chair.)

PAMELA. (*Sits on Right arm of sofa*) Don, will you take Linda down and get the car? I'll be right along. I'd like a word with Jim—alone.

DON. Why, yes! (*Hesitantly*) Yes—of course. (*Hesitates, then crosses to Left of bar.*)

JIM. Oh, Linda, call me early, will you? I have a few details for you to work out for me.

LINDA. About noon? (*WARN Curtain.*)

JIM. Well, not that early. Give me a chance to wake up, will you?

LINDA. Okay! (*Exits up Right 2.*)

(*DON hesitates, walks toward foyer door upstage, hesitates again. JIM gives him a look which impedes his exit.*)

DON. Take it easy, you two. (*Exits.*)

PAMELA. Well, Jim, that was swell of you, right in front of Don and Linda. Even if you didn't mean it.

JIM. Did I say I didn't? (*Crosses down Center.*)

PAMELA. I'm no pushover for miracles.

JIM. Well, you don't need my best wishes to get what you deserve, but you have them anyway.

PAMELA. You've made up your mind this marriage of ours isn't going to work out, haven't you?

JIM. Why don't you try a Gallup poll in a couple of months?

PAMELA. That isn't a threat, by any chance, is it?

JIM. (*Crossing to her, Left Center*) I wouldn't stoop to *mental* blackmail.

PAMELA. (*Rises; crosses Left Center*) The wrong kind of publicity won't do this marriage any good.

JIM. (*Meaningly*) You're so right.

PAMELA. Then we understand each other perfectly?

JIM. (*Superciliously*) I'm all aglow with our new friendship.

PAMELA. We should be friends, Jim. For Don's sake we *should* be—*dear* friends.

JIM. Well, then, I'm forgiven?

PAMELA. I accept your apology! (*Sweeps in back of him toward door Right 2, then turns*) Oh, and Jim—

JIM. Yeah—?

PAMELA. —just pack a toothbrush and your bottle of venom and feel free to *come up here* and visit us any time you like. Good night. (*Is triumphant as she exits.*)

JIM. (*Pause. Reacts. Looks after her, and under his breath*) Why, you son-of-a-bitch— (*Starts walking toward door Right 2 as—*)

FAST CURTAIN

ACT TWO

SCENE I

SCENE: *The same, with the exception of a few obvious touches of PAMELA'S extravagance. An oil painting of PAMELA has been hung on wall above DON'S desk, Left of Center door. Coffee table Left of sofa Left Center is moved in front of the sofa, off Left a little. The three bar stools are evenly spaced from Right end of bar to Left.*

TIME: *About two o'clock in the afternoon, two months after DON and PAMELA'S marriage. July.*

AT RISE: TAGGART, *dressed in a new uniform which, although correct, is most uncomfortable. He enters from Right 2 leading a Chihuahua dog, "Mr. Chito," across stage toward Left 2 bedroom. "Mr. Chito" wears a lavender ribbon bow. TAGGART puts the dog in bedroom, fakes a kick, shuts door, disgusted. He crosses back down platform as the sofa TELEPHONE rings.*

TAGGART. *(Moving down to sofa, sits and picks up receiver and answers the phone)* Hello—hello? Who?—Oh, hello, Hilda! I was just going to call you!—No, that *massage* appointment is off for this afternoon. Madam's lumps will have to wait— Yeah,

she's going to the horse show. You can beat her brains out tomorrow. Yes, same time— What? That leaves you with nothing to do for the afternoon?—Well, come on over and defend yourself. The turns aren't banked, but we'll have a helluva chase— *(There's a click of phone on other end. TAGGART reacts. Disgustedly)* Sophisticate. *(He rises; starts for terrace as the door CHIMES up Right chime. TAGGART goes quickly to Right 2.)*

(A DOOR is heard slamming.)

JIM. *(Off Right 2)* Hello, Taggart! Fellow, I'm glad to see you! *(As he enters and crosses Center.)*

TAGGART. *(Following JIM on to Right Center)* And am I glad to see you!

JIM. *(Looking around Center)* Well, the old place looks familiar—they haven't changed it—much— *(Sees the painting of PAMELA on rear wall)* Oh, the Madam?!

TAGGART. *(Right Center)* The artist didn't put any title on it.

JIM. Wonder how they ever got her to sit still that long!

TAGGART. They didn't. The painter followed her around on a scooter.

JIM. *(Turning to TAGGART)* Well, Taggart, they've kinda got you dressed up, haven't they? You look like something *Esquire* threw out.

TAGGART. *(Uncomfortably)* Aw, Jim, it's tough enough to have to wear it. This outfit feels like it's got a built-in mousetrap.

JIM. *(Laughs; then)* Tell me, what was the idea of the mysterious phone call?

TAGGART. *(Anxiously)* It's about Mr. Don!

JIM. Mr. Don? Why all the formality? Be yourself—relax! Spread out there— *(Motions to chair Right Center)* —and tell me all about it.

TAGGART. (*Unbuttoning vest, sighs deeply and sits on Left arm of chair*) Thank God for those words. Well, she's got him shadow-boxin'!

JIM. (*Gloating, comes down Center*) Hah! Married two months and it hasn't taken!

TAGGART. It's *taken*, all right, but the relapse has set in. You should've come around before.

JIM. Don't worry, I'll be in at the kill. Still a boy scout about her?

TAGGART. Oh, he puts on the act, passes out the big smile and the slap on the back, but underneath he's pulling the old Pagliacci stuff. You got to do something.

JIM. I can't yet. (*Laughs, gloating*) But wait! How are *you* getting along with her?

TAGGART. I'd feel safer with a food-taster in the kitchen. And she feels the same way about me.

JIM. That's too bad. Where are they?

TAGGART. Haven't shown yet. It's too early for breakfast.

JIM. (*Looking at his watch*) It's after two o'clock!

TAGGART. I know, but breakfast is sometimes four, sometimes five, and then again it's just—dinner at seven.

JIM. Well, it's time the honeymoon was over, isn't it? Come on, let's get them up. (*Starts for Left 2 door.*)

TAGGART. (*Rises; crosses up Center*) Hey! You can't do that!

JIM. (*About to knock*) I can't?

TAGGART. You don't want to knock on that door.

JIM. Why not? Is this one of the days they don't get up at all?

TAGGART. Not *they*. Don doesn't sleep in there.

JIM. (*Surprised*) How's that?

TAGGART. No. He uses your old room.

JIM. (*Looking from one room to the other*) Now

don't tell me she goes in for the mockery of chastity.

TAGGART. If that means sleeping alone—she *doesn't*.

JIM. *What? (Walks down steps to Left Center.)*

TAGGART. Mister Chito Montoya takes care of the number two pillow.

JIM. *(Reacts; then)* Right in his own home? *(Starts up on platform for door Left 2)* Well, what are we waiting for? Let's throw the guy out.

TAGGART. Hey, hey—wait a minute!

JIM. *What?*

TAGGART. Mr. Chito Montoya isn't a guy.

JIM. No?

TAGGART. No!—Chihuahua!

JIM. Chi-who-ya?

TAGGART. Yeah! Mexican dog. He's so little the fleas have *him*.

JIM. *(Relieved)* Oh, a dog! *(Sizing up the situation, crosses down to TAGGART, Left Center)* What does Don sleep with—his dreams?

TAGGART. That's about all.

JIM. *(Very serious)* Taggart, when do they—? *(Clears throat.)*

TAGGART. They *don't*.

JIM. *(Surprised)* Are you sure?

TAGGART. Either they haven't or I've been fallin' asleep out on that terrace.

JIM. *(Looks at DON's room)* Marriage—mirage! Well, it's time for Don to rise and shine—two o'clock and no home work. *(Starts for bedroom Right 1 to in front of chair Right Center.)*

TAGGART. *(Crosses down to sofa)* Wait, Jim—

JIM. What's the matter now?

TAGGART. He's not in there.

JIM. *(Crossing Right Center)* Look, Taggart, are you trying to confuse me?

TAGGART. Don's been out since seven this morning.

JIM. How do you know?

TAGGART. Well, the cook does the spying on *that* shift.

JIM. Where's he going at that hour?

TAGGART. (*Disgusted*) Walks around the park—feeds the squirrels.

JIM. Squirrels?

TAGGART. Yeah. It's an outlet. You know, an outlet! I told you he was falling apart. Goes to bed at two or three, gets up at seven and hustles to the squirrels.

JIM. Isn't love grand?

TAGGART. It ought to be—but when she isn't at the theatre she's chasing around with that—

JIM. (*Crosses a step Right*) I know all about her and Gary Bryce—afternoon teas. cocktail parties—Just a married dame on the loose! And not a line in my column.

TAGGART. You know, I have a plan, and it's worked on married people before.

JIM. Don't push me any closer to murder.

TAGGART. No foolin'—if there was something to keep her in harness—occupied.

JIM. For instance?

TAGGART. Well, if they had a family.

JIM. A family? (*Eyeing the two bedrooms*) How do you mean, by *remote control*? (*Crosses; sits on Right arm of chair Right Center.*)

TAGGART. (*Crosses Center*) Well, I don't know—they licked television.

JIM. What time does he get back from one of those *squirrel outlets*?

TAGGART. Any minute now— How about a little drink?

JIM. No!

TAGGART. (*Crossing up to door Center*) Spot of coffee?

JIM. Fine! And make it black to fit my mood. (*TAGGART exits Left on terrace. JIM rises; starts for terrace casually. The front DOOR slams. JIM looks off up into foyer Right 2, sees who it is and ducks out of sight on terrace to behind window Right. DON enters Right 2 carrying bouquet of flowers. He hesitates, starts for his room Right 1, then gathers up his courage and goes quickly to Left 2 door. Business at door. Takes off his hat, smooths his hair, looks at watch, starts knock, etc. JIM crosses down Center and watches*) What's the matter? Forget the password?

DON. (*Double-take*) Why, Jim! (*Crosses down to Center. Starts to hand flowers to JIM with his right hand, quickly changes them to left and then shakes hands*) No—those are for Pam! Well, they say a culprit always returns to the scene of his crime.

(*They shake hands.*)

JIM. What's the matter, your phone been disconnected? Why don't you ever call a guy?

DON. Why, you old rascal! Why haven't you been around?

JIM. Who knows what becomes of a day? How's Pam?

DON. Oh, she's fine. Keeps asking about you.

JIM. I'll lay a bet on that and give odds.

DON. As if you needed an invitation!

JIM. Oh, I can read the "welcome" on the doormat even when it's upside down. (*They laugh convivially*) Where is Pam?

DON. (*Trying to be casual*) Why, she'll be out in a minute. I think she has an engagement this afternoon. Yes, that's right. She told the cook to tell Taggart to tell me.

JIM. Well, that's better than smoke signals. (*He crosses down Left.*)

DON. (*Goes behind bar, a little embarrassed; changes subject*) I've just been taking my morning constitutional, Jim. I do it every day now— (*Fills vase with water he gets from under bar; arranges flowers.*)

JIM. (*Crossing up Left*) A walk through the park, I suppose? (*Crosses to Left of bar.*)

DON. That's right.

JIM. Feed the squirrels?

DON. You guessed it!—How do I look, Jim?

JIM. Fine—fine! Just like one of those fellows in the lumbago ads.

DON. (*Coming from behind the bar, through the gate at Right of bar*) Oh, stop it now. I never felt better in my life. (*Crosses Left with flower vase to desk on platform.*)

JIM. Yeah? Well, if you see a hearse coming down the street you better start running.

DON. (*Laughs. Changes vase to Left of desk*) I never realized how much I've missed your insults.

JIM. (*With true affection*) I've missed you too, fellow.

DON. (*Trying to find a place for the flowers, tries another spot on desk*) Tell me about yourself, Jim. Where are you living now?

JIM. Oh, I have an apartment over on Central Park West. Carpets so thick you have to climb down into the chairs.

(*They laugh.*)

DON. Help yourself to a drink, Jim.

JIM. No, thanks. Taggart's rustling me some coffee. By the way, how's he getting on?

DON. (*Can't seem to get rid of the flowers. Crossing down Left to coffee table in front of couch*)

Great! Great! Almost getting an English accent. If you didn't look at his face you could call him Jeeves.

JIM. Pam's crazy about him, I suppose?

DON. (*Lying beautifully*) Oh, yes! Keeps insisting I never let him go! (*Still trying to get rid of flowers, picks them up from coffee table.*)

JIM. (*Coming to DON's rescue; indicating flowers*) I think they look darling right there.

DON. (*Absently*) There.

JIM. (*Indicating table*) Right there.

DON. (*Relieved*) Oh, do you?

JIM. By the way— (*Coming down Left Center*) Taggart tells me you're sleeping in my old room.

DON. (*Trying to be nonchalant; crossing up Left Center to JIM*) Uh-uh, yes, that's right. You know, that cross-ventilation.

JIM. Oh, you like the air?

DON. Oh, I'm crazy about it— I'm a fresh air fiend— (*Reacts; then, crossing down Right*) Cut it out, now—if you're meaning to imply that marriage hasn't agreed with me—

JIM. No, no—it's made a different man of you.

DON. I'll say it has. I feel just like a two-year-old. (*Does a knee-bend; catches himself halfway with a catch in his knee*) Well, anyhow, a three-year-old. (*Sits in chair Right Center*) I never felt better in my life, Jim.

JIM. Now don't try to kid me. You haven't been getting as much sleep as a six-day bicycle rider. If that's what marriage does to you—

DON. Now don't ride me, Jim—

JIM. (*Pacing around room*) Oh, stop it! You're miserable and ashamed to admit it. Married two months and already you and your wife have separate rooms! What is this— (*Crosses Left.*)

DON. (*Getting cigarettes from humidor on table Right of chair*) But you don't understand. Pam's in

the theatre. She's high-strung. Got to have her rest. You know, that artistic temperament.

JIM. (*Coming back*) I have another name for it. You in one room like a Tibetan monk and she's in there with Mister Chito Mont—whatever the hell his name is.

DON. Well, a lot of married couples have separate bedrooms. It's—modern and smart.

JIM. It may be *modern*, but it's not *smart*.

DON. All right, then, it's—*hygienic*. (*Lights cigarette.*)

JIM. *Hygienic!* She makes you bunk in there all by yourself because it's hygienic and she keeps a peanut hound in there with her that probably—ha—ha. (*Crosses Center.*)

DON. Now, Jim, don't try to get my goat, because you can't.

JIM. Listen, I tried to tell you this wouldn't work out— (*Makes gesture of despair.*)

DON. Well, I suppose it does look a little peculiar to you, but take my word for it, everything is all right. Pam's just a little new and strange to things, she's always been on her own before, and she has to become—acclimatized.

JIM. What's she waiting for, your golden wedding anniversary?

DON. Well, it's difficult for some women to get used to a husband—especially a girl like Pam. You've got to give her time—she's a little—*confused*.

JIM. Oh, she's confused? (*Reacts*) That's what's the matter with her.

DON. (*Pleased with himself*) Yes, of course.

JIM. How the hell did you ever think of that one? Oh, Don, don't you see where you're heading? (*He crosses Right Center.*)

DON. (*Puts out cigarette ashtray table Right*) Now don't you worry about me, Jim. I'm all right. Another hit play and you'll see— (*Rises; crosses to desk on*

platform) Oh, say, I've got some great ideas here. I want to show 'em to you!

JIM. (*Following him over to Center*) Yeah, I met your manager, Benny Stein, on the street the other day. He's pretty sore about your new play. Only has the first act.

DON. (*Anxiously. Gets manuscript from desk up Left*) What did he say about it?

JIM. Said it could stand a little perfume.

DON. (*Comes down off platform to Left Center*) Oh, is that so? Well, he didn't like my first play either, and it's still running.

JIM. (*Crosses up Left Center to DON*) What's the matter with you, anyway? You used to get an idea and it never left it! Now you don't look ambitious enough to write an obituary.

DON. Well, it's creative work. A writer has to adjust himself.

JIM. (*Up Center*) Well, you'd better get busy. Stein means a lot to you. You can't afford to get lazy at this stage of your career.

DON. Jim, I haven't been lazy. I'm writing the play out in my mind.

JIM. I'll send you a lot of soft pencils. (*Walks out up Center.*)

PAMELA. (*Enters Left 2. She is dressed for the horse show and carries Mr. Chito. Her clothes are distinctive and costly. To DON; she hasn't seen JIM yet. On platform*) Hullo, dear!

DON. (*Crosses up on steps*) Good afternoon, darling! (*Starts to kiss her.*)

PAMELA. (*Pulling away*) Oh! You'll crush Mister Chito!

DON. (*Reaches over and does the best he can with a kiss. Breaking*) Look who's here! (*Points to JIM. PAMELA reacts. DON crosses up steps and puts script down on desk and puts the sheaf of bills on shelf Left of Center arch.*)

JIM. (*Crossing down Left Center*)•How do you do, Mrs. Stackhouse? You're looking very charming. Marriage seems to have been a success as far as you're concerned.

PAMELA. (*Eyeing him stiffly; crossing down Left*) Are you disappointed?

JIM. No. Things turned out just as I thought they would. (*Sees the dog*) Oh, so that's the little badge of celibacy!

PAMELA. That might sound much funnier in print. (*Crosses down to sofa and sits.*)

JIM. (*Up Center*) Well, it's a thought.

DON. (*Trying to avoid an open quarrel; crossing to back of sofa*) Cute little fellow, isn't he?

JIM. Yes, if you like animated pen-wipers.

DON. (*Smiles embarrassed*) You know, sometimes a dog can be a lot of comfort in a home.

JIM. (*Crossing down Right Center to chair*) I'll just betcha.

PAMELA. (*Cuddling the dog fondly*) He's just the sweetest little thing! Does Mister Chito want to go bye-bye? (*Holding him closely.*)

JIM. (*Eyeing dog's close proximity to PAMELA*) Well, if there's any doubt in your mind about it, I wouldn't hold him so close—!

TAGGART. (*After laugh, bursts in from terrace, crossing down Center*) Hey, Jim! The Java's ready. (*Sees PAMELA and immediately transforms himself*) Beg pahdon, suh, your coffee is prepared. (*Turns to PAMELA*) How'm I doing?

PAMELA. (*Upbraiding him*) That's fine, Taggart! (*He reacts*) Here, take the baby for a walk. (*Hands him the dog.*)

(TAGGART starts up Center for terrace.)

JIM. I'll be with you in a minute—Jeeves! (TAGGART reacts as he exits Center to Left. JIM turns to

DON *and crosses up Center*) Do you mind if I have my coffee on the terrace?

DON. *(Following up Left Center)* Certainly not, fellow. Make yourself right at home.

JIM. Thanks, old boy. I kinda like the air. You know, that—double-cross ventilation—! *(Exits Center to Left.)*

PAMELA. Well— *(Rises angrily; to up Right Center)* What's he doing here? I thought I told you he wasn't to come here any more.

DON. *(Quietly; up Left Center)* Oh, why can't you two hit it off?

PAMELA. Those sly digs of his—you heard them! *(Looking out terrace.)*

DON. That sarcastic cynicism of his is just a pretense.

PAMELA. *(Crossing to Right 2 door)* Pretense? He'd be the happiest man in the world if he could buy me a one-way ticket to Reno.

DON. Darling, you've got Jim all wrong. What he's done for me—

PAMELA. *(Crossing down Right, sits armchair Right Center)* Yes, I know, I know! For years you and Jim struggled, starved and snored together. But that's all over. You're married to me now and I don't want him to come here any more.

DON. *(Exasperated—crossing down Center)* But how can I tell my own brother—

PAMELA. *(Losing her temper)* I don't care how you tell him, but you'd better tell him.

DON. Well, as long as we're cutting our family down to a twosome, what about Gary Bryce?

PAMELA. What about him?

DON. Could you talk him into letting me have about ten minutes a week with you?

PAMELA. *(Rises; to Right Center)* Darling, the only reason I go out with Gary is for your sake.

DON. What?

PAMELA. Why, of course! You have a new play—he has loads of money. Isn't it obvious?

DON. (*His temper rising*) Too damned obvious as far as I'm concerned. I want to sit down and talk with you about a lot of things. Incidentally, we have bills here that haven't been paid yet— (*Crosses up to shelf Left of Center arch and gets bills.*)

PAMELA. Bills! I thought we settled that argument last month. (*Crosses Left to sofa.*)

DON. (*Crossing down Center*) I remember very well, dear. You cried yourself right into an emerald bracelet.

PAMELA. Well, I certainly don't know why I can't have a little trinket like a bracelet— Oh— (*Starts to sob; sinks on sofa.*)

DON. Now, darling, don't start crying again. I can't afford it— Here's a bill that never should have been mailed. It's big enough to walk in and take a chair all by itself.

PAMELA. Oh, don't worry about the bills. The play is doing very well. We're both established now, darling—a wonderful combination! We'll be making barrels of money in just no time.

DON. I wish I could be that optimisitic about it. Darling—but in the meantime—

(*The DOOR CHIMES up Right chime.*)

PAMELA. Oh, somebody's coming. And you have me all upset! You know I look like hell in green when I'm not happy. (*TAGGART enters Center carrying dog under his arm and starts for door Right 2. PAMELA rises; crosses up Right Center. DON crosses up Left Center*) Here, give me the baby—

(*TAGGART gives her the dog and exits Right 2. PAMELA up Right Center.*)

DON. (*Crossing up Left Center; eyeing the dog*) Somebody's always coming to this house. I never have a minute alone with you. Here—what about this bill for that pedigreed Chihuahua? Four hundred dollars! Seems like you should have gotten more dog for that, doesn't it?

PAMELA. (*Crossing down Center*) Why, darling, you don't understand about dogs—

SCOOP. (*Enters Right 2; crossing Right Center*) Hi, folks!

PAMELA. Oh, Scoop, just in time!

SCOOP. What's the matter?

PAMELA. (*Crossing down Center*) Don's being difficult about a few little necessities I bought.

DON. (*Left Center*) Is a ten thousand dollar Deussenberg a necessity?

PAMELA. It certainly is!

SCOOP. (*Right Center*) How do you like it? A sweet job, eh?

DON. I haven't even seen it.

SCOOP. Well, don't bother. We're trading it in.

PAMELA. We are?

SCOOP. Sure! The new models go on the market next month. We only stand to lose a few thousand on the deal.

DON. Well! That's fine! We've bought a ten-thousand dollar car that isn't even paid for—and, if we hurry, we'll only lose a few thousand on it to get another one.

SCOOP. Just leave it to little Scoop!

PAMELA. Well, thank heavens—that takes care of all the bills. (*Sits on arm of chair Right Center.*)

DON. (*Riffling through pages*) Yes, darling—everything but the jewelers, the department stores, the milliners, and the furriers,—could I make an appointment to go over these with you?

PAMELA. Oh—Don!

DON. How about ten o'clock tomorrow morning?

PAMELA. Oh, I can't tomorrow, darling. I'm interviewing chauffeurs.

DON. Chauffeurs?

PAMELA. Yes. I want a beige one to go with the car.

DON. (*Turns, determined, to SCOOP*) Would you excuse us for a minute, Scoop?

SCOOP. Why not? She tells me everything anyway. (*Turns and starts for exit Right 2 as DOOR CHIMES up Right chime. SCOOP stops at sound of chimes. In door Right 2 on DON's command.*)

DON. (*Reacting*) Never mind, Scoop. Come back. Stay here. The Lincoln Highway runs right through this room. (*Crosses down Left; puts bills on coffee table.*)

(SCOOP crosses to bar; sits Right stool at bar.)

PAMELA. (*Rises; crossing Left Center*) I'll tell you what, darling. We'll have brunch together next Thursday—for sure. (*Hands him dog*) Here, take the baby.

DON. (*Accepting dog with disgust*) The baby!

(PAMELA turns as LINDA, followed by GARY, enters Right 2.)

LINDA. Hello, Scoop! (*Going to PAMELA, Left Center*) Pam, darling, how are you?

GARY. Hello, everybody!

SCOOP. Hello, Linda! Hello, Gary—

PAMELA. Well, Linda, where've you been keeping yourself?

LINDA. You've forgotten, dear. I work. Hello, Don! (*Crosses back of PAMELA to back of sofa Left and casually notices painting of PAMELA on rear wall.*)

GARY. (*Center*) How's the beautiful bride?

PAMELA. (*A step to GARY*) Marvelous!

GARY. How's the famous author-husband?

DON. (*Left Center at sofa*) All right, and the famous one-man escort bureau?

GARY. Oh, you mustn't be sensitive about me, Don. (*Crosses Left to DON as PAMELA crosses Right.*)

PAMELA. No, darling, don't play the hurt husband. (*Sits on arm of chair Right Center.*)

DON. (*Handing dog to GARY*) Here! You two men-about-town should get together. You have so much in common.

GARY. (*Taking dog*) What'll I do with him?

DON. Oh, wear him in your buttonhole! (*Crosses steps to platform.*)

GARY. Say, Pam, have you told Don yet? (*Crosses Right to PAMELA.*)

PAMELA. (*Embarrassed*) Oh, Gary, that—that's not important.

GARY. Not important? Getting two of the best blue-ribbon horses at the show for only three thousand apiece?

(*LINDA and DON exchange looks. LINDA crosses to front of sofa and sits.*)

DON. (*Stunned. Crossing to Center*) Horses? Three thousand dollars? But, darling, you don't even ride.

PAMELA. Oh, Gary's going to teach me.

LINDA. (*Concerned*) But, Pam, if you want to ride, couldn't you rent horses?

DON. Of course. It's much cheaper.

PAMELA. Well, there's certainly no pleasure in a luxury if it isn't expensive.

DON. Now, darling, aren't you going to be a little crowded with two horses and a dog in your bedroom?

GARY. (*After humoring laugh*) Don't be silly, old man. I'll find Pam a nice stable and groom very reasonably—and an English groom at that.

DON. (*Sarcastically*) Fine—I'll give you a couple of blank checks to take care of anything else that might come up.

GARY. (*Crossing to Center*) Thanks. I rarely find husbands so understanding.

DON. (*Crossing to behind sofa*) And how do you find other men's wives?

GARY. Usually just bored. (*Looking at PAMELA.*)

DON. Then your memoirs should make rather spicy reading. Will you use full names or just initials?

PAMELA. Now, Don, for heaven's sake don't start—

GARY. (*Crossing Right Center to PAMELA*) Never mind, Pam. Young husbands are inclined to overdramatize marriage.

DON. There ought to be a rogues' gallery for you middle-aged menaces. What do you think a wedding ring is?—costume jewelry?

GARY. (*Good-naturedly; crossing Left Center to DON*) Don, you're talking like a fool!

DON. (*Crossing Left Center to end of sofa*) I'm talking like a million other husbands would like to talk.

SCOOP. (*Rises; crossing down Right Center*) Come on—warm it up. Take a sock at each other and you'll shove the war news off page one.

PAMELA. Shut up, Scoop!

DON. You keep out of this, Scoop.

SCOOP. I'm only trying to do my job.

(GARY crosses up on platform, looking at painting of PAMELA on rear wall.)

JIM. (*As he enters Center; crossing down Center, Left of SCOOP*) I wish you people would please raise your voices. I hardly heard a word you said. (*To LINDA*) Well—hello!

LINDA. (*Rising*) Just dropping in for tea, Jim?

JIM. That's right.

LINDA. (*Meaningly*) You don't by any chance have your dates confused?

JIM. No—no. (*Turns to SCOOP. LINDA crosses Left*) What's with horses?

SCOOP. Oh, Pam picked up a couple of blue ribbon nags and a groom. (*Crosses Right, behind chair.*)

JIM. Expensive?

SCOOP. A mere bagatelle. A few grand apiece for the horses.

DON. (*Quickly steps to JIM, Center*) It's a little surprise for Pam, Jim. She's been begging me for horses. You know Pam loves horses.

JIM. Well, there's nothing like having a couple of horses around the house to rub noses with occasionally.

(*DON sits on arm of sofa. SCOOP crosses back of chair Right Center to down Right. LINDA crosses up behind sofa.*)

GARY. (*Crossing down Left Center to JIM*) Well, how are you, Stackhouse? Haven't seen you in ages. What are you doing with yourself these days—still picking plays?

JIM. No, I'm still confused. The public seems suddenly to have developed a taste for tripe.

PAMELA. (*Rising; crossing Right Center to JIM*) Oh-ho! Has your circulation increased?

JIM. Look out, now— Don't bite your tongue; you'll get blood-poisoning! (*Crosses up to bar.*)

GARY. Now, now, let's all be charitable. (*Turns to DON*) Why don't you come along, Don, and make it a real party?

LINDA. Yes, why don't you, Don? (*From back of sofa.*)

DON. Sorry, Linda. I have too much work to do.

PAMELA. (*Crossing to DON*) Oh—I know what's the matter with him—he hasn't had his breakfast—(*Goes to DON lovingly*) You poor lamb, you must be starved.

DON. (*Looks up*) No, not yet.

LINDA. (*To cover confusion*) We'd better be on our way.

GARY. (*Gently pulling PAMELA's hand to get her started*) Yes, there's sure to be a terrific jam around the Garden.

PAMELA. My sweetheart works so hard— Now you take it easy, dear. (*Crosses GARY to foyer Right 2.*)

DON. Goodbye! Take good care of Gary.

(*PAMELA, angered, exits Right 2. LINDA crosses toward door Right 2.*)

LINDA. (*On way out, to JIM*) So long, slave driver!

JIM. So long! Dinner with you same time, same place?

LINDA. (*Stopping up Right at door*) Okay, and bring some money with you for a change. (*Exits Right 2.*)

GARY. (*Putting dog down; crossing to door Right 2*) Come, Mister Chito—come, come—

JIM. (*As GARY reaches the door*) Look out, Gary. Don't let that Chi-who-ya kick you.

(*GARY stops, turns to JIM with a smile, then exits.*)

SCOOP. (*Crosses Left Center*) Some crack you printed yesterday about the Haydon gal and that stagehand!

JIM. (*Crosses to chair Right Center*) Did you like it, Scoop?

SCOOP. Yes, sir! (*Crosses Left to DON.*)

JIM. (*Sits chair Right Center*) Who translated it for you?

SCOOP. Why, I— (*Turns*) Some day you're going to stick your neck out too far—

JIM. (*Thumbing toward door*) Don't keep the horses waiting.

SCOOP. I'm going in a minute, but I've got an idea.

JIM. Yeah. Well, if it's for me, the "no sale" sign is up.

SCOOP. (*Turning to DON*) It's not for you. It's about Pam.

DON. (*Alarmed*) What is it now?

SCOOP. The greatest idea I ever had! The public'll love it, eat it up! A bigger publicity stunt than your marriage!

DON. Listen, Scoop, you're working too hard. You're going to tire yourself all out.

SCOOP. Quiet! This is so good I'm all set for a raise!

DON. (*Groans*) A raise!?

SCOOP. Now look! I'll arrange for Pam to sponsor a championship prize fight for the Milk Fund—an ocean of ballyhoo! Terrific publicity! Then we turn all the profits over to the *Chinese orphans*! (*Turns front, dazed*) How do you like that? Pamela Barry mothering the *Chinese orphans*! It'll kill 'em.

JIM. Kill who—the orphans?

SCOOP. (*Turning to JIM*) No, the public!

JIM. And who's going to pay for the funeral?

SCOOP. (*Indicating DON*) The funeral? Why, *he* is, of course.

JIM. He is—

SCOOP. (*To DON, dejected*) But it won't cost you a dime if we draw a big enough gate—

JIM. And suppose there's no gate?

SCOOP. Then he's stuck with it.

(*DON groans.*)

JIM. (*Almost under his breath*) He's stuck with it!

SCOOP. But what does it amount to? Five or ten grand at the most—and think of the publicity! Isn't it worth it? (*As if a sudden thought hits him, turns back to him*) Say-y-y, whose money am I spending, yours or *his*!?

JIM. (*Rising; crossing Right Center to SCOOP*) From now on you're spending your own. *You're fired!* Can't you see the guy's dying? Get out of here!

SCOOP. You can't talk that way to me. I work for Pam.

JIM. From now on you're free-lancing! Get out! (*Indicates for SCOOP to leave.*)

SCOOP. Oh—a blitzkreig!

JIM. (*Off in foyer*) That's right; you guessed it. Outside! So long, Charlie! (*DON rises; follows up Left Center, interested. DOOR slams off Right 2. JIM, returning, crosses up Right*) Ten bucks to a cookie he'll sell her that screwy idea.

DON. (*Thoughtfully, up Left Center*) You know, Jim, I'm just beginning to realize the importance of overhead.

JIM. Don't tell me it's finally beginning to penetrate?

DON. At last. Scoop with his publicity. the horses with the groom tacked on—

JIM. (*Crossing Left to sit on sofa. DON crosses and leans on bar*) Sure, just add the groom to the

cook, two maids and Taggart and pretty soon you'll have to build a barracks for your wife's retainers. (*Picks up the bills*) What the hell is this—the *national debt*? (*WARN Curtain.*)

DON. (*Embarrassed, turns to him*) Oh, just a few little bills.

JIM. Little? I hope you never get any big ones.

DON. (*Crosses down Left Center*) Now lay off, Jim. I've got trouble enough.

JIM. Boy, you got enough for ten men. (*Rises and crosses Center*) Listen, Don, maybe I'm talking out of turn—I don't know—but Pam's making you walk the plank, all right, just as I said she would.

DON. (*Moves to sofa and sits*) I'll admit you're a fine oracle, but she's still my favorite wife.

JIM. She is, eh? That's wonderful. Did you hear what Scoop said about your marriage just now? A publicity stunt! And you think she loves you—you and your ideals. Why, that woman is squeezing the dollars out of your pocket and the manhood out of your soul. Gary Bryce takes your wife out and she prefers sleeping with a *dog*. And now, unless you're damn careful, you're going to become the father of the *Chinese orphans*!

DON. (*Takes off glasses and puts them in pocket*) I know it's a problem, but it's no catastrophe.

JIM. It will be unless you assert yourself. (*Throws bills to him*) Why don't you send all this stuff back whether Pam likes it or not? Put a firm veto on any more spending orgies. Hold up your head and declare yourself.

DON. Sorry, Jim, I can't.

JIM. You mean you won't!

DON. (*Rises*) All right, then, I won't. I promised Pam all this when we were married. I may be a damn fool, but I do keep my promises.

JIM. (*Looks at him, then makes transition*) Well, why don't you do it right, then? Don't be a piker!

My goodness, a girl needs a *dozen* mink coats! And only one little dog?—get her a *kennel*! And that's only the beginning! Get her more cars—*bigger* cars—one to match every dress! Hang jewelry all over her until she looks like a Christmas tree! Give her everything she wants! Go ahead—spend it, fellow, spend it— (*Winks*) *You'll buy your way into her bedroom yet!* (*Nods and walks quickly for exit Right 2.*)

FAST CURTAIN

ACT TWO

SCENE II

SCENE: *The same. Phone on bar is placed in Center of bar.*

TIME: *Morning, one month later. August.*

AT RISE: TAGGART *seen walking dog on terrace. LINDA, in riding clothes, is coming into room from bedroom Left 2. LINDA gives every evidence of being uncomfortable in the lower portions. PAMELA, dressed in slacks, behind her pouring two Pepsi-Colas. Seeing LINDA's discomfort and enjoys it.*

LINDA. It's all right for you. When we get through riding you come home and rest. I'm a working girl, but I have to get back to the office. (*Limps down the stairs into Center of room.*)

PAMELA. If this weather keeps up we can ride every morning.

LINDA. (*Suffering*) Sorry—Miss Linda's hips send their regrets. (*Crosses down Left.*)

PAMELA. For heaven's sake, you walk as though you were breaking in your old age.

LINDA. You know, Pam, I once saw a girl in a circus riding a horse *standing on her head*—now I know why. (*Crosses to Left end of sofa.*)

PAMELA. (*Puts straws in drinks she has just poured*) This is only your second time out, you know.

LINDA. Oh, horses must hate human beings. They seek the most subtle revenge. (*Sits gingerly on Left arm of sofa Left.*)

(TAGGART comes into room from Center leading the dog on a leash.)

PAMELA. Taggart, any messages while I was out?

TAGGART. (*Meaningly, Left of bar up Center*) Yes, Ma'am—Mr. Bryce called, and there was some mail.

PAMELA. (*Anxiously*) Did he say he'd call back?

(LINDA reacts.)

TAGGART. Oh, yes—as usual, and with the same inflection.

PAMELA. That'll be all, Taggart! (*Gives TAGGART a look of irritation as he exits Center to Left with dog.*)

LINDA. (*Over-casually; slides off arm of sofa onto the sofa*) So you still haven't put Gary back in circulation?

PAMELA. (*Crosses down, hands LINDA drink and has one for herself*) Whether married or single, you never throw over a solvent millionaire.

LINDA. (*Takes a drink from PAMELA*) Don doesn't mind?

PAMELA. Nonsense! He *adores* me for it. (*Sits Right arm of sofa.*)

LINDA. Pam, darling, didn't you tell me once you were going to become the great home maker?

PAMELA. That was a slight case of arrested development.

LINDA. That's too bad. But you and Don *are* happy, aren't you?

PAMELA. (*Not angered by the question*) Are you interested, or is Jim Stackhouse just nosey?

LINDA. Oh, Pam, I work for Jim. But that has nothing to do with your friendship or mine; that's strictly *off-the-record*.

PAMELA. What's unfit to print about you and Jim?

LINDA. Nothing. He's just like that horse I rode today—mean, stubborn, hard to get along with. Ah, men or horses, it makes no difference, they both give me a pain in the same place.

(TAGGART *enters Center. Starts for door Right 2.*)

PAMELA. (*Rises*) You poor tear, you do take a lot of punishment, don't you? (*Goes up platform*) Can Taggart do anything to make you more comfortable?

(TAGGART *stops up Right.*)

LINDA. (*Shakes head*) I'm afraid my case is hopeless.

(PAMELA *laughs and exits Left 2.*)

TAGGART. (*Coming down Center*) Could I suggest a piece of raw beefsteak, or is that for a black eye?

LINDA. What have you got for a rainbow?

TAGGART. I don't know. I take a drink for everything.

(DOOR CHIMES *up Right chime. LINDA laughs.*)

TAGGART *exits Right 2. LINDA attempts to rise*

from divan, puts glass on table; hears JIM'S voice offstage, reacts and braces herself for ensuing scene.)

JIM. (*DOOR SLAM off Right 2*) How are you, Taggart?

TAGGART. (*Offstage*) I'm fine, Jim, fine!

JIM. Is Miss Barry home?

TAGGART. Yes, she is.

JIM. (*Enters Right 2; sees LINDA; crosses Center*) What are you doing here?

LINDA. (*Meaningly*) I keep my eye on the calendar too.

JIM. (*Exasperated*) Haven't you got enough to do to take care of my things at the office? Why are you hanging around with Pam all the time? Can't you mind your own business?

LINDA. (*Look—pause*) Huh—that's a fine suggestion coming from you! Well, you're right on the dot. Father Time and his machine gun!

JIM. What do you want me to do now, give them another reprieve?

LINDA. Oh, no—philanthropy and Jim Stackhouse are strange bedfellows. (*Look*) But listen to me—

JIM. I listened to you three months ago.

LINDA. (*Softly*) Three months!

JIM. And let me tell you something, Linda, I've got that lovely little sister-in-law of mine right where I want her.

LINDA. (*Suspiciously; turns*) What do you mean?

JIM. I've been digging deep. (*LINDA faces front*) I know all about Pamela Barry from the time she heard her first dirty story. (*LINDA looks*) And it's going to look very pretty in print.

LINDA. (*Rises, crossing Left Center*) Now wait a minute, Jim. You don't want to go too far!

JIM. Who doesn't?

LINDA. All right! So you know the off-key things

Pam might have done in the past, but you don't have to be vicious.

JIM. I'm going to shoot the works. Listen—I've kept my word—the time's up, and now I'll fix this marriage once and for all.

LINDA. Sure! Now you want your "pound of gloating." Well, go ahead, break Don's heart. *(She crosses up Left, back of sofa.)*

JIM. He'll get over it, and when he does he'll thank me for combing that dame out of his hair.

LINDA. Jim— *(Sincerely—turns; crosses down Left Center)* He loves her. Can't you understand that? Oh, I know Pam's gone a little haywire, but she'll come down to earth eventually. She's been swept off her feet by success. She wouldn't be human if it didn't make her a little dizzy.

JIM. Who said she was human?

LINDA. *(Exasperated)* Look, you don't want to break up this marriage—try to think of some way to help it.

JIM. Oh, now I'm supposed to perform a *miracle*—turn her into a loving and enthusiastic wife.

LINDA. You should either *be* a miracle man or leave them alone. If you can't do that, my advice is stay out. *(Crosses Left to behind coffee table in front of sofa.)*

JIM. I'm not asking for your advice. She not only has Don behind the eight-ball, she's holding him there.

LINDA. *(Turns)* Well, don't you suppose he knows that? That's where you've put me and *I* know it. Only Don has the edge. Pam will wake up some time, but not you. You've never understood women and you never will. I know. I've wasted six years on you *to my regret*.

JIM. What kick have you got coming?

LINDA. You've treated me like a piece of office furniture, and that's all right, but can't you leave

Don alone? (*Crosses to JIM, Left Center*) Let him work things out in his *own way* without smearing your hands all over his life.

JIM. Now, wait a minute—

LINDA. You just can't bear anyone who reaches out for a little happiness. You've got all the answers and they're all wrong.

JIM. I've made up my mind what I'm going to do in this situation, and nobody is going to change it—*nobody!* (*Laughs, gloating, and walks up to door Center. Under his breath*) Come on out, Sister.

LINDA. (*Reacts, then quietly resigned, crosses up to back of chair Right Center*) Well, I guess that lets me out, Jim— (*Picks up coat on back of chair Right Center*) Because this time I'm taking a stand for what I think is right. (*Puts on coat. JIM crosses down Center*) If you had one single thought of trying to help those two I might have a little more patience, but there's no hope. You'll always be the foreman of the wrecking crew. (*Picks up shoes from above chair Right Center*) Well, you go ahead and do this, but you'll do it alone. I don't suppose it makes any difference to you, but *I'm through*—with you and the column. I never want to see you or hear from you again. Now, as far as I'm concerned you can go to hell— (*Starts out up Right.*)

JIM. You run your own errands! (*LINDA stops and turns, burns and exits Right 2. JIM starts for door Right 2. Hears the door slam behind him, stops up Right, turns and sees PAMELA, who has entered from Left 2. She stands for several seconds, surprised to see JIM*) Well—hello! (*Up Right Center*) How much did you hear?

PAMELA. Keyholes are your specialty, not mine. (*Looking around from platform Left*) Where's Linda?

JIM. She's just gone on an errand. Don around?

PAMELA. No, he isn't home. I don't know where

he is. I'll get your hat. (*Trips down stairs to Left Center.*)

JIM. Wait a minute. I really came to see you.

PAMELA. Well, you've seen me. You can run along now; I have an engagement. (*Crosses down Left Center.*)

JIM. (*Crosses down Center*) Who with, Gary Bryce?

PAMELA. That's none of your business.

JIM. I'm going to make it my business.

PAMELA. Now see here, Mr. Stackhouse, you stopped playing a part in my life when I threw you out of this house.

JIM. Yes, I know, but I let myself back in with a skeleton key. And I've decided to give you a little publicity, Pam. You love publicity, don't you?

PAMELA. (*Suspiciously*) When it's flattering.

JIM. Well, this may not be flattering, but by golly it's quite authentic and very colorful, and it's going on for days, syndicated in over five hundred different newspapers.

PAMELA. (*Fearfully*) There is such a thing as libel, you know.

JIM. Yes, I know. But I'm too smart for that.

PAMELA. There's nothing in my life you can attack. (*Has crossed to in front of sofa and straightens pillows.*)

JIM. No? Don't you kid yourself. I have plenty. Miami—Hollywood—Palm Springs—(*Takes papers out of his pocket*) Now, I've jotted down a few things that aren't generally known. Suppose you look them over and then we'll have a little chat.

(*PAMELA takes the papers. She reacts; first with anger, then with fear, then absolute horror, bordering on panic. JIM turns to her. She glances at him.*)

PAMELA. (*Breathlessly, holding the paper. Crosses a step to JIM*) You wouldn't dare print stuff like this.

JIM. Oh, yes, I would! And that's only the beginning. A little here and a little there—it's the accumulated force that will drive you *right out of the theatre!* And blast your precious career right off the map!

PAMELA. (*Frightened*) Well, there's nothing so terrible in any of these things. They're just experiences any girl might have—perfectly innocent experiences.

JIM. Well, we'll let the public decide that. Huh? (*Jerks paper out of her hand.*)

PAMELA. (*Thinking fast*) You realize, of course, what you'd be doing to Don—!

JIM. (*Laughing; crossing Center*) I was waiting for that one. Why didn't you think of that before?

PAMELA. (*Crossing in front of sofa*) You seem to forget that Don is my husband.

JIM. No, I'm painfully aware of that fact.

PAMELA. (*Turns on him and crosses to JIM, Left Center*) Well, you can't do this to me, Jim, *you can't!* I've worked and struggled too long. I've sacrificed too much. You're *not* going to spoil things for me now!

JIM. I can if I want to.—But, I've decided to give you a chance.

PAMELA. (*Suspiciously*) What kind of a chance?

JIM. I'm going to trade you a career for a man's happiness.

PAMELA. What do you mean?

JIM. I'm going to tell you what to do, where to go and who your friends shall be— By golly, I may even tell you what to wear and what to eat.

PAMELA. (*Reacts*) Well, I won't do it. How do

you like that? I'd rather lose a thousand careers—
I won't do it—

JIM. All right! I'll send you the first paper off the press in the morning with my personal autograph. So long, Pam! (*Starts for door Right 2.*)

PAMELA. (*Crossing to Center*) Now—wait a minute—

JIM. (*At door Right 2*) No!

PAMELA. Wait a minute, Jim—!

JIM. No! It's taken me a long time to collect this stuff and believe me it's hot.

PAMELA. (*Quickly*) Oh, Jim—*please!* (*Crossing up Center a step*) I've got to go on! I can't throw everything over. I *can't stand failure!* I'll—I'll do what you want me to do—!

JIM. All right, then, you go over there and sit down. Go on over there and sit down! (*PAMELA crosses and sits on sofa*) I'll tell you exactly what you're going to do. There'll be no mincing of words. We're going to understand each other perfectly. (*Follows her to sofa and stands Right of it.*)

PAMELA. I know what's coming.

JIM. Oh, no, you don't! (*Laughs, gloating.*)

PAMELA. You want me to go to Reno!

JIM. That was my idea, but I've changed my mind. (*Looking off after LINDA*) You're going to stay right here. And you're going to be the *most loving, the most devoted, the most considerate wife* a man ever had.

PAMELA. (*Mouth agape*) You're going to turn me into a housewife?

JIM. You're going to be a model for good housewives *all over the world!*

PAMELA. And give up the theatre?

JIM. No, we'll put that under the heading of recreation. You're going to get your husband's slippers, his pipe and tobacco. You're going to comfort him when he's tired. You'll make him forget about

his constitutionals—and the squirrels. Can you cook?

PAMELA. (*Angrily*) No!

JIM. Well, we can't take any chances with his life. Can you sew?

PAMELA. No!

JIM. No housework at all?

PAMELA. No!

JIM. You actresses aren't much good for anything, are you?

PAMELA. No!

JIM. Well, you're going to be. You'll subscribe for that *Good Housekeeping Magazine* right away.

PAMELA. You don't mean that I've got to go around with a—

JIM. And every time Don has a complaint I'll make it tougher for you.

PAMELA. (*Desperately*) You won't get away with it.

JIM. (*Crossing Right to in front of chair Right Center*) Now, there are a few little details to be taken care of right away. First you'll send back that truckload of jewelry you stuck Don for.

PAMELA. (*Rises, crossing Center*) You're crazy! I must have jewelry. Jewelry's important to a woman like me.

JIM. You glitter plenty as it is. You don't have to look like Luna Park.

PAMELA. (*Turns up Center a step*) Oh—

JIM. And next you'll send back that ten thousand dollar jallopy.

PAMELA. (*Turns; crossing down Center*) Do you expect us to be without a car, like paupers?

JIM. Of course not! You'll get a Ford.

PAMELA. A *F-o-r-d*! ? Not even a Packard or—a Buick—or—

JIM. No! A *Ford*! And then you won't need that chauffeur. You can send him back. Both you and

Don can drive, and when you don't feel like driving you can take a taxi—or *walk*.

PAMELA. (*Turns away*) Oh-h-h—

JIM. And you'll get rid of those horses and that—Oh, and before I forget it—you'll either *sell*, give away or drown that four hundred dollar *pooch*. (*Crosses Right a step.*)

PAMELA. (*Turns. Sincerely distressed*) Not Mister Chito!

JIM. (*Turns back to her*) That's who I mean!

PAMELA. What possible harm can the dog do?

JIM. (*Viciously*) He takes up too much room in your bed.

PAMELA. (*Crossing Right*) Why, that's ridiculous. He's just a little teenie bit of a—

JIM. *The mutt goes!*

PAMELA. (*Giving way to tears*) And he was such a comfort to me. (*Turns away to Left.*)

JIM. *He's a bad influence.* And when you need to be comforted your husband will be plenty glad to do it.

PAMELA. (*Turning back to JIM*) But—Mister Chito is just a little tiny bit of a dog—

JIM. The affection you waste on that useless half-pound mutt should be given to the man who loves you and would appreciate it.

PAMELA. (*Crossing Left to sofa*) You seem desperately concerned about Don's happiness—

JIM. *Exactly!*

PAMELA. You don't give a damn about mine! (*She throws herself on sofa.*)

JIM. (*Crossing to sofa*) Such language, Miss Barry! You talk like a Marine.

PAMELA. Go on. You can joke about it.

JIM. (*Grimly*) I'm not joking when I say you're going to get rid of that *overgrown mouse*.

PAMELA. That's it! Take it out on a poor little, tiny, innocent dog! That shows how *small* you are.

JIM. (*His ego damaged*) I thought you understood that *I* was running this little show. Well, perhaps I'm mistaken— (*Starts for door Right 2.*)

PAMELA. (*Rises and runs after him frantically up Center*) Oh, all right, Jim!

JIM. (*Turns up Right Center*) All right?

PAMELA. (*Stamping her foot*) I said all right!

JIM. (*Quietly*) All right! (*Bar TELEPHONE rings*) Answer that!

(PAMELA crosses JIM toward telephone on bar. He gives her a push and crosses up Center.)

PAMELA. (*Glares at JIM, then answers telephone at bar*) Hello! Darling, it's you! Yes, sure, you can come right up. (*Hangs up. Crossing to JIM, up Center*) There—now! It was Don. He's downstairs.

JIM. Don—the poor guy has to telephone to see if he can come up to his own home!

PAMELA. He might interrupt something.

JIM. There'll be no more chance of interruption. I'll take care of that. (PAMELA *expostulates*; starts for her bedroom Left 2. JIM stops her on platform Left) And when Don comes in, you'll talk to him and insist that I come back here to live.

PAMELA. (*Wilts on platform and falls against the door. Gasps. Crossing; turning to JIM*) I see—! You're going to haunt me!

JIM. (*Crossing down Center*) You'll have nothing to worry about as long as you do as you're told. I'm going to be right here where I can keep an eye on you. And when I'm not here Taggart will watch you. Besides, this was *my* home before you came in and kicked me out.

PAMELA. (*Suddenly relieved—crossing Center to JIM*) Oh, but you can't stay *here*. Where will we put you?

JIM. (*Smiling; crossing down Right Center*) In my old room.

PAMELA. (*Glaring, follows him*) And Don—?

JIM. (*Points to her room*) In *there*—

PAMELA. With *me*! ?

JIM. Well, he's not going to sleep with me.

PAMELA. (*Furious*) Jim Stackhouse, don't you think you're going a little *too* far?

JIM. No, it's Don who hasn't gone far enough!

PAMELA. (*A step to JIM*) But you don't understand. Don and I—we don't—we've never—

JIM. I understand perfectly. Don't embarrass us.

PAMELA. (*Pleading*) But what will he think? What will I tell him?

JIM. Tell him anything. Tell him you've changed your mind— Tell him it's a late *wedding present*.

PAMELA. (*Crossing up Left to sofa*) Oh-h-h! Another thing—I'm an artist. I'm an artist and I must have my rest.

JIM. (*With all his power*) One more peep out of you and I'll put a double bed in there with a periscope in your transom.

PAMELA. (*Leans on sofa*) Oh-h-h-h! (*Turns on JIM and crosses Center*) You can drive a horse to water once too often.

JIM. Not when he's been thirsty for three months.

PAMELA. You're not going to get away with it. I'll get even with you if it's the last thing I ever do. I *hate you*! !

JIM. Now you're making a great big mistake. You better like me, because I'm really going to be a member of your family.

(DON'S voice and a DOOR SLAM are heard off Right 2.)

DON. (*Off*) Any messages today?

TAGGART. (*Off*) Not a thing!

JIM. Now you're the loving spouse. And I want action! And don't you forget one single detail, because I'll be out there watching everything you do. Ha ha.

(*PAMELA chases him out Center to Left. PAMELA leans against door casing Left of Center door. DON enters Right 2, followed by TAGGART, and crosses to in front of bar, Left end. DON has a wornout air.*)

DON. (*Wearily, to TAGGART*) Will you bring my robe and slippers, Taggart?

TAGGART. Very good, sir. (*Crosses to bedroom Right 1.*)

DON. (*Wearily, to PAMELA*) Hello, darling!

PAMELA. (*Draws herself up, turns brightly and flies into DON's arms*) Hello, sweetheart! (*Throws her arms around his neck.*)

(*DON is struck dumb. TAGGART whirls in doorway Right 1, struck dumb.*)

DON. (*Stunned*) Uh—uh—my God! (*Looks to TAGGART, dumbfounded*) Sweetheart! ??

(*TAGGART exits Right 1.*)

PAMELA. (*Effervescing*) I'm so glad you're home. You look tired. I'm so glad you're home. (*Again throws her arms around DON's neck.*)

DON. (*Dazed, releases himself*) Say—wasn't I supposed to come home?

PAMELA. Of course you were! And I have a surprise for you. Wait a minute. Don't go away—(*Runs to terrace and calls off Left*) Yoo-hoo!

(Takes JIM's hand as he enters Center from Left)
Look who's here! (Leads JIM in.)

(DON receives another shock and sinks on stool Left of bar. PAMELA up Center. JIM up Right Center. DON looks at JIM, dumbfounded, and JIM seems to be enjoying himself.)

JIM. *(Robustly)* Hello, Don! How are you, boy? You look great! How do you feel?

DON. *(Eyes wide in amazement—voice cracks)*
Uh—I—I feel all right, Jim. I—I'm glad to see you.

(JIM puts an arm around PAMELA. She burns.)

JIM. I've just been talking to Pam. She tells me that you two lovebirds are getting along just too well for words.

DON. Uh—yes, Jim, that's right! We're getting along just fine.

PAMELA. That's just what I told him.

(JIM pushes her over to DON. She embraces him. DON pats her on head.)

JIM. That's what she told me—

PAMELA. *(To DON, crossing back to JIM)* Isn't it sweet of Jim to come up and see us, darling? I was just telling him what a *brute* he is, neglecting us like this!

DON. Why—why, yes, of course, dear. I—I've always tried to tell Jim—I—I— *(At a loss for words, walks unsteadily behind bar)* Do you mind if I have a drink!? *(Pours himself a large drink. JIM nods approvingly to PAMELA, who scowls and clenches her fists)* Will you join me?

JIM. No, thanks. You help yourself, old man!

(DON drinks. TAGGART enters Right 1 carrying DON's robe and slippers and crosses up Right to in back of chair Right Center. PAMELA sees TAGGART. JIM pushes her to TAGGART, where she takes robe and slippers from TAGGART.)

PAMELA. (*Jerking robe and slippers—the slippers she puts on Left of stool at bar*) I'll take these, Taggart!

(DON, in a daze, comes from behind bar and crosses to JIM up Left Center; at the same time starts removing his coat.)

TAGGART. (*Amazed also*) Yes, Ma'am!

PAMELA. (*Crossing up Right Center to DON*) Here, darling, give me your coat. (*Jerks DON's coat; throws it to TAGGART*) There you are! (*TAGGART gapes*) That will be all.

TAGGART. (*Taking coat*) Yes, Ma'am. (*Takes coat from in front of his face, where PAMELA has thrown it, and dazedly crosses down and exits Right 1.*)

PAMELA. (*Business of putting on robe, right sleeve, left sleeve; then she adjusts belt in back*) Come on, darling, into your robe—

JIM. By golly, it's wonderful— (*To DON*) Wonderful the way the little woman looks after you! Boy, I'm touched.

DON. (*Absently*) Yes, everybody seems to be a little touched.

(JIM goes behind bar, pours a drink into a highball glass and fills it with soda.)

PAMELA. (*Ties belt around, catching his arm between belt and robe. DON looks stupidly for JIM, who isn't on his Left; does a double take. PAMELA*

gets slippers from stool) Come over here and sit down. *(Pushes behind him, his arm caught in sash, down to sofa, where she shoves him down)* There are several things I want to talk to you about, sweetheart.

DON. *(Falling on sofa)* Are there, dear? *(JIM is back of bar pouring drink. PAMELA kneels in front of DON at sofa and pulls off his shoes. DON gently restrains her and bends over to do it himself)* No, no, darling. I'll do that.

PAMELA. *(Slapping his hand. DON grabs his hand and pushes up his sleeve on robe, giving impression of looking at his watch)* You will not! *(Removes his shoes during the following, slamming them down viciously. JIM is behind bar)* What good is a woman to a man if she can't look after his comfort? Some of us wives don't realize at first—*(Dashes to desk up on platform for his pipe)*—how a little thing like putting on a man's slippers and getting his pipe for him can brighten him up—and make him happy—*(Comes down with pipe, shoves DON back on divan, jabs his pipe in his mouth, almost gagging him, then sits Right of DON on the sofa, putting her arm around his neck, almost choking him, gives JIM a dirty look as JIM hands DON a drink in his left hand to complete the picture of comfort)* Now! Is my darling all nice and comfy?!

DON. *(Gulping, pulls her arm from over his mouth)* Thanks!

(JIM gloats. PAMELA burns. DON removes pipe and sits up. PAMELA grabs pipe out of his hand and shoves him back on sofa and again shoves pipe in his mouth. Puts her head against DON'S and and bumps her nose on pipe—pushes pipe to other side of DON'S mouth—then rests hers against DON'S again.)

JIM. (*Feigning diplomacy—crossing Center*) Now here I am snooping when you two so *obviously* want to be alone. Perhaps I'd better sneak out on the terrace for a smoke—

PAMELA. (*Rising defiantly; crossing Left Center to JIM*) That's very considerate of you.

JIM. (*Sweetly*) But I won't be *far*. And if you want me, just *yoo-hoo—hoo—ooo!* (*Exits laughing.*)

(PAMELA *chases him out onto terrace Center to Left and stands in door looking after JIM.*)

DON. (*In a daze*) Oh, I'm in the wrong house. Come here— Say, what's going on around here?

PAMELA. (*Crosses down in back of sofa to Left and sits on sofa, Left of DON*) I've been thinking things over—

DON. You have, dear?

PAMELA. Yes. I—I've been a selfish, unreasonable woman.

DON. Oh, no. No, you haven't, Pam.

PAMELA. Oh, yes, I have! I haven't been at all fair with you, and I'm terribly sorry.

DON. Don't talk like that, honey.

PAMELA. But it's true. It's taken me three months to realize it— (*DON takes sip of drink and ad libs "It's true."*) —but now—*now* I'm going to be different. I'm going to be a real wife to you.

(*DON leans over to deposit drink on coffee table.*)

PAMELA *leans Right to put her head on his shoulder and misses it, falling behind him.*)

DON. (*Relieving himself of glass*) But you have been a real wife—you've been all right— (*Puts on his slippers.*)

PAMELA. (*Sitting up, infuriated*) No, I haven't—

I've been thoughtless and extravagant and I'm going to make up for all the time we've wasted. (DON is speechless; leans over to start to put on his slippers) To begin with, I'm sending back all that jewelry I bought.

DON. Yes, that's the thing— (Stunned, turns to PAMELA) You are?

PAMELA. Yes, I am. And I—I'm going to sell the car and—and—fire the chauffeur!

DON. *What?!*

PAMELA. Yes, I am.

DON. But you don't have to do that, dear. You can keep the car.

PAMELA. (Thoughtlessly) *Oh, no, I can't!* (DON reacts) I mean—I don't want the car. I tell you I don't want it! And then, of course, we won't need the chauffeur.

DON. What are we going to do for a car?

PAMELA. We'll get a *Ford!*

DON. A *F-o-r-d!*

PAMELA. Yes, a *Ford!* And we'll drive it ourselves.

DON. But if we must give up the Duesenberg, dear, can't we have something a little better? A Cadillac or a—

PAMELA. (Furiously) *I don't want a Cadillac! I want a Ford!*

DON. (This is too much; he studies PAMELA a moment, then reaches for the phone cautiously) I'm afraid you've been overworking at the theatre, darling. I'll phone for a doctor.

PAMELA. (Catching his hand) I don't want a doctor. I want a *Ford*. (Throws his arm down; rises—crossing Left and up behind sofa) And I haven't been overworked!

DON. But you're acting so strangely!

PAMELA. I'm not acting strangely at all. It's my conscience. (Walks around sofa to Center.)

DON. Your conscience?

PAMELA. Yes. And another thing— (*Almost in tears—at Center*) I'm going to get rid of the dog.

DON. (*Receiving another shock—rises; crosses up Left Center*) Not Mister Chito?

PAMELA. (*Her heart breaking*) Y-y-y-e-s!

DON. But I thought you were so fond of him—?

PAMELA. I never was fond of him. I only thought I was. (*Crosses to Left end of bar*) He's nothing but a useless mutt! (*Buries her head on bar in tears.*)

DON. (*Trying to fathom it*) Well—it's me, then. I'm nuts—I certainly don't know how to figure you out. (*Deep in thought: this is a new phase of woman. Sits Right arm of sofa.*)

PAMELA. (*Glances toward bedroom Right 1; takes a long breath. Then—*) And, Don—

DON. (*Trying to retie and straighten out his robe that wasn't put on any too comfortably*) Yes, dear?

PAMELA. (*Crossing down Left Center*) Don—I—I want you to move into my room—where you belong.

DON. Aw, that stuff— (*Has been sitting on arm of divan; double take; rises and then rushes to PAMELA*) Wha— Ohhhhhh! Sweetheart!

PAMELA. Don't you rush me— (*Backs away Right. JIM shows at Center from Left and gives her a high-sign and disappears. Seeing JIM, PAMELA jumps forward and collides with DON Right Center in an embrace which almost smothers her*) Oh-h!

DON. I'm sorry, darling— (*Breaking the embrace*) Is everything all right?

PAMELA. (*Rubbing her chin, which has been bumped*) Of course everything's all right.

DON. Wait a minute—wait a minute now— (*His face lights up as he looks toward terrace*) Has Jim had anything to do with this?

PAMELA. (*Quickly*) Oh, don't be silly— (*Crosses to Center*) Of course not! I just asked Jim to come

here today after realizing how wicked I've been. He's always been so good to you and— After all, he is your brother and—well— (*Braces herself*) I thought we should ask Jim to come back here and live.

DON. (*On the verge of collapse*) God bless my soul!

PAMELA. (*Bitterly—crossing Right above chair*) Well, this was his home, wasn't it, before I came in and kicked him out—!

DON. Of course it was, dear. But what the devil are you crying about?

PAMELA. (*Furious. Crossing up Right and leans on bar, weeping*) I'm just so sorry about the way I've treated him, the poor darling! (*Fairly spits out the words.*)

(DON is so overwhelmed he hardly knows which way to turn. Goes to Center door and calls gaily to JIM, who is naturally just a few steps away off Left.)

DON. Yoo-hoo! Yoo-hoo! Jim! (*JIM enters Center*) Boy! Have I got a surprise for you! (*Up Center.*)

JIM. (*Feigning surprise—up Left Center*) No kidding?

DON. Pam and I were just talking—and what do you think?

JIM. What?

DON. We want you to come back here and live with us.

(PAMELA looks up, watching DON and JIM.)

JIM. What! ?

DON. Yes, move right back in. Just one big happy family! It was Pam's idea.

JIM. (*Hard to get*) Well, I—I certainly appreciate it, old man, but I wouldn't think of it, really.

DON. Why not? We want you to.

JIM. No. I'd be interfering. Married folks ought to be alone.

DON. Why, that's absurd. This is just as much your home as it is ours.

JIM. No—no, Don.

(DON motions to PAMELA to encourage him. JIM motions to PAMELA—who is in front of bar Right—to insist.)

PAMELA. (*On the spot*) You move right in—

(DON beams at JIM.)

JIM. You're very kind, but I couldn't really—

(DON motions to PAMELA to encourage him. JIM does likewise.)

PAMELA. (*Might as well get it over with*) But we insist!

DON. Yes, we insist!

JIM. W-e-l-l! If you insist!

DON. We do!

PAMELA. (*Almost collapsing*) Oh, my God! (*Leans on side bookcase between the two doors Right.*)

JIM. (*Very humble*) Well, it's certainly swell of both of you. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll get a couple of bags packed and I can stay here tonight. (*Crosses DON to Left end of bar.*)

PAMELA. (*This is too much*) Oh? No? You won't. (*Standing in his way in front of Right 2 door.*)

DON. (*Up Center*) No, you won't! (JIM turns) We'll send Taggart for them.

(PAMELA is crestfallen. JIM is relieved. PAMELA buries her head on bar.)

JIM. (*Crosses to DON; gleefully*) You think of everything, don't you? (*Turns to PAMELA*) Would it be asking too much to have my room fixed up just as it was before I left?

PAMELA. (*Crossing DON; glowers at JIM and gives him a restrained uppercut*) It's no trouble at all. (*To DON, who is still trying to straighten his robe*) And I'll have your things moved into my room right away. It should have been done a long time ago.

JIM. You know, Pam, you're a wonderful girl when a fellow gets to *understand* you. (*Laughs*) Any man should be proud to have you for a wife.

DON. He certainly should! She's my darling. (*Tieing sash on his robe.*)

(PAMELA almost jumps at JIM. JIM pinches her too hard. JIM glowers at PAMELA menacingly and follows her *Right* as she starts for door *Right 1.*)

PAMELA. I'll call Taggart— (*Moving toward door Right 1*) Taggart!—Taggart! (*Exits. Then, in a blast of anger, shouts and slams door to bedroom*) T-a-g-g-a-r-t!!

(JIM reacts to the blast, while DON is suddenly jerked out of his coma. He dives behind the bar, picks up a bottle and tilts it up for a long drink.)

JIM. (*In front of bar Right—whistles to stop DON. Seeing him*) Look out, boy, you'll choke. If you don't choke you'll get drunk.

DON. (*In ecstasy, crossing from behind bar up Center*) I am drunk! Drunk with happiness! Life is

suddenly opening up— Gee whiz, Jim—it's marvelous!

JIM. (*Crossing to DON up Right Center*) Boy, it's full of miracles!

DON. The change that's come over Pam! It's wonderful! Remarkable!

JIM. (*Entering into the spirit with him*) I can't understand it! Can you imagine her *insisting* upon my coming back here to live? Right out of a clear sky!

DON. I can imagine what a surprise it was to you, Jim. You never liked Pam before.

JIM. (*Squirms out of it*) Well, I didn't understand her. I was a little prejudiced. Oh, boy, I've found out a lot of things about Pam. (*Crosses down Left.*)

DON. (*Suspiciously—crosses down Center*) What kind of things?

JIM. A lot of things she's been trying very hard to hide.

DON. Hide?

JIM. —Like her natural instinct for domesticity, for instance.

DON. (*Shaking his head; crossing Right Center*) Yes, of course, but if you tried to write a story or a play with a transition like this it wouldn't be accepted. It's too abrupt, too without rhyme or reason.

JIM. (*Crossing to Center*) Nothing of the kind. You said if you gave her a chance she'd change. Well, she's had her *chance*, and boy, she's *changed*.

DON. (*Crossing to JIM*) Yes, but I thought it would be sort of gradual. This came like a thunderbolt.

JIM. Well, that's the way women are—they just overwhelm you, sweep you off your feet. It's their conscience.

DON. That's it, Jim! Her *conscience*! She said so herself.

JIM. She did?

DON. Yeah—

JIM. Good for her!

DON. Aw, gee, Jim— (*Looks after PAMELA and shakes his head*) I just can't realize it all. It sure is a miracle— And, Jim—

JIM. Yes?

DON. Did you hear what Pam said?

JIM. What'd she say now—?

DON. She wants me in there with her from now on. Oh, boy—oh, boy—oh, boy! (*Crossing Left, looks longingly at door Left 2*) Oh, gosh, Jim, do you realize what that means? Huh— (*JIM, smiling, crosses Right. DON looks at Left 2 door meaningly. Crosses down Left a step*) Now maybe I'll get my greatest wish— (*Turns to JIM*) Say, Jim—do you think it's too early to think about becoming a father?

JIM. It's never too early. Sometimes it's too late. (*Crosses Right.*)

DON. (*Crosses Center*) I've always wanted a boy, but I'd even settle for a girl.

JIM. (*Sits chair Right Center*) A father! I can't imagine you being a father!

DON. Why not? There's nothing the matter with me.

JIM. God, I hope not—after all the trouble I've gone to.

DON. Just cut that out, now. (*Center*) I'm serious about this thing. Every sound, heathy man should have a family.

JIM. You certainly were created to be a married man.

DON. Of course! And you, too, Jim.

JIM. No-o-o!

DON. Certainly! No life is worthwhile without a home and children. Just think of it—a son of my own! *A Don Junior!* Yeah-h-h— (*Takes step up Left and looks at Left 2 door, heaving a big sigh.*)

JIM. (*Looking from one door to the other. Quietly, almost to himself*) Well, while we're at it we'll fix that, too.

DON. Huh— (*Turning quickly to JIM*) What did you say, Jim?

JIM. (*Rises; crosses to DON, Center*) I said while you're at it you better fix that, too.

DON. (*Happily*) Oh, boy, I will and how!

JIM. (*Coming to him*) You lucky dog!

(*They go into each other's arms in a moment of rejoicing Center. PAMELA enters Right 1.*)

DON. (*Seeing PAMELA*) Darling!

JIM. (*Breaking embrace*) What?

DON. No! Pam! (*Rushing to her, Right*) Darling! An occasion like this calls for champagne. We'll open a bottle and celebrate—!

PAMELA. (*In front of chair Right Center*) I'll call Taggart.

DON. No, don't call Taggart. He'll drink it himself. I know where the champagne is—! It's in the kitchen—! (*Fairly dances away, then turns back to JIM, then exits, jumps on sofa and tripping through door Left 1 singing joyously*) "Rock-a-bye baby, in the tree top!"

PAMELA. (*Pointing after DON; to JIM, crossing Left Center to sofa*) You've got him right on the road to lunacy.

JIM. (*Crossing Center*) And you'd better keep him on that road.

PAMELA. Well, is everything quite satisfactory, Mr. Stackhouse? (*Looks after DON.*)

JIM. No, it's Taggart! From now on you're going to like him.

PAMELA. (*Whirls back*) I have to like Taggart too?

JIM. You bet your life! You'll take him into your confidence, and treat him like a human being.

PAMELA. He's a snooper and a tramp.

JIM. *You heard me! (Sofa TELEPHONE rings)* Answer that!

PAMELA. *(Obeyes, then turns furiously on JIM—then crosses and sits on sofa and answers telephone angrily)* Hello! *(All saccharine)* Oh, hello, Gary! Yes. I know I had an appointment with you— Yes. Well—I couldn't— *(Glaring at JIM)* Something frightful turned up! Well, I don't see how I can— Wait a minute— *(Puts hand over receiver and turns to JIM)* Please, Jim, let me keep this one engagement. It's the last one—

JIM. *(Crossing to Right of sofa)* Not on your life! There will be no more horse shows, dog shows, or anything else. You're through with Gary Bryce and all the rest of them.

PAMELA. *(Hotly)* Gary Bryce is simply an old admirer of mine.

JIM. Then let him do all his admiring from out in the audience. You'll neither see him nor talk to him again.

PAMELA. If you think you're going to run my life—

JIM. Go on, give him the works. Tell him he's in the next draft. *(PAMELA burns)* Go on, finish him off—tell him you can't.

PAMELA. *(To JIM, pleading)* I can't! *(In tears.)*

JIM. Go on, you're doing fine—you can't! Tell it to him!

PAMELA. *(Half-sobbing, into telephone—but anxious to get it over with)* I can't see you any more, Gary. And I'm through—through with you and all the rest of my admirers. *(Slams down receiver.)*

JIM. *(Applauds. Crossing Right Center)* Take a curtain, Pam! That was a magnificent performance!

PAMELA. (*Rising, comes to JIM, Center*) Am I going to be a slave to you the rest of my life?

JIM. I'm doing you a favor.

PAMELA. (*Scoffing*) A favor?

JIM. Certainly! Making it impossible for you to hang around with any of these—parasites.

PAMELA. (*Burns*) I'll be bored stiff. What am I going to do with my *spare time*? (*Crosses Left; sits on sofa.*) (*WARN Curtain.*)

JIM. (*Studying her*) You want something to do with your spare time, eh? (*Smiles to himself. Crosses Center*) Well, I'll fix that too. You don't know it yet, but you're going to have a baby.

PAMELA. Yes, I'm going to have a— (*Stunned*) A—what?

JIM. And if that doesn't occupy your spare time, I'll light a candle and pray for twins.

PAMELA. (*Trembling with rage, rises, crossing to JIM, Center*) You're out of your mind.

JIM. You'd better listen to me.

PAMELA. I won't. I tell you I most certainly won't.

JIM. You will if you know what's good for you. Don's happiness will be complete only when he's a father, and *you're* going to make him one.

PAMELA. Do you realize what you're asking me to do?

JIM. I have a general idea—yes.

PAMELA. (*Breathless*) Right in the middle of my career?

JIM. I don't care where you have it, but you're going to have it.

PAMELA. *Oh-h-h!* It's impossible. In five or six years, yes—but not now.

JIM. *No!* You're going to have a baby *now!*

PAMELA. I won't. I tell you I won't.

JIM. Well, I don't mean right this minute.

PAMELA. *Oh-h-h-h!*

JIM. But, by golly, you'll go to work on it tonight.

(CURTAIN starts falling as—)

PAMELA. *(Crossing up Center and back to JIM)*
Oh-h-h-h-h-h! Jim Stackhouse, if you think—

FAST CURTAIN

ACT THREE

SCENE: *The same, except for a few feminine touches here and there. The oil portrait has given way to something more domestic. DON'S glasses are placed on desk up Left. The bar stool Left end of bar is struck. The coffee table in front of sofa is moved to Left of sofa.*

TIME: *About 10:30 in the morning one month later—September.*

AT RISE: TAGGART *enters from Right 1 with tray of liquor bottles, cigarette stubs, etc.; crosses Left toward kitchen Left 1. DON enters jubilantly Left 2.*

DON. *(On platform up Left)* Morning, Taggart. Well, I see Jim's had his breakfast.

TAGGART. That's right. *(Exits Left 1. DON fairly skips over to Center door, goes outside, looks over panorama, and does a leg bend and arm calisthenics, singing gaily as he does so. He catches his back. He then goes to his desk, gets eye-glasses and puts them on. Takes manuscript; comes down to sofa; sits. We can see he is very industrious and happy. TAGGART enters Left 1; crosses in back of sofa to Right of sofa carrying a tray bearing two glasses of milk. Offering glass to DON)* Our mid-morning glass of milk, Don.

DON. *(Taking glass off tray)* What? Oh, yes. That wife of mine certainly looks out for my health.

TAGGART. Mine, too. The Doc examined me last week and he says already I got a few *pink* corpuscles.

DON. It certainly is great, isn't it?

TAGGART. (*Left Center*) I dunno. Personally, I always felt better on the verge of D.T.'s.

DON. (*Holding glass up*) Well, here's to your brawn and my brain.

TAGGART. (*Taking glass of milk*) What a cow gives up for humanity!

DON. (*Takes sip of milk, makes a wry face and looks at TAGGART suspiciously*) Hey! There's gin in this! (*TAGGART quickly exchanges glasses with DON*) Taggart!

TAGGART. Well, in another month I'll be able to take the stuff straight.

DON. If Pam finds out about this—

TAGGART. Aw, don't tell her, Don. She promised me a copy of *Emily Post* for my birthday.

DON. All right, but after this don't try to improve on nature. Where is Pam?

TAGGART. (*Crossing to bar, sits on Right stool at bar*) I don't know. She was up at seven o'clock this morning. Went out in the park to feed the squirrels. (*Puts tray and glass on bar.*)

DON. Squirrels!? Taggart, do you remember when I—

TAGGART. I remember.

PAMELA. (*Enters happily Center from Right. She calls out gaily. She carries basket with two bunches of flowers*) Good morning! (*Lays basket of flowers on terrace table.*)

DON. Good morning, sweetheart!

PAMELA. (*Coming into the room up Center*) Oh! What a wonderful morning! (*Sees TAGGART and notices his unfinished glass of milk*) Taggart! You finish that milk, every drop!

TAGGART. It's a pleasure. (*Drinks down milk.*)

PAMELA. (*Crossing down Center*) Doesn't Taggart look wonderful?

DON. (*Grinning; rises*) Almost human!

PAMELA. (*Becomes very officious. Crossing to DON, takes him by the arm. DON rises*) Well, come on, come on, back to work! You go back to writing those wonderful little speeches, darling. (*They embrace. DON crosses up on platform to desk and gets another manuscript and puts down glass. Turning to TAGGART*) And, Taggart—

TAGGART. (*Crossing to her Center*) Yes, ma'am.

PAMELA. (*Left Center*) Congratulations! They tell me you're running for treasurer of the Butlers' Club.

TAGGART. (*Crossing to Center*) Yes—on the Anti-Communist ticket.

(*DON returns to sofa and sits.*)

PAMELA. Communists among the butlers? (*Takes sheaf of bills from her pajama pocket.*)

TAGGART. Oh, particularly among Park Avenue's upper crust. Mark my words—comes the revolution it'll start in the pantry.

PAMELA. From the size of the bills I've just been going over I should start one in mine.

(*DON, seated on sofa, busies himself with scripts again.*)

TAGGART. I noticed you checking up.

PAMELA. (*Meaningly*) I noticed you noticing. (*From bills which she has been carrying*) Now, take this dairy bill. How could the cook possibly use five pounds of butter in two days?

TAGGART. Well, four pounds of it went into those cup cakes that you made. (*Crosses up to bar; gets tray and glasses.*)

(PAMELA is embarrassed.)

DON. (*Looking up from his work*) Darling, I didn't get any of those cup cakes.

PAMELA. (*Crossing to Right end of sofa*) Just a little culinary experiment of mine. We fed them to the dog downstairs.

TAGGART. (*Crossing down Center*) Oh, I forgot to tell you—they telephoned from the hospital—the little dog is coming along nicely. They're not going to sue.

PAMELA. (*Rummaging through bills. To change the subject. Left Center*) Someone does deserve credit for cutting down this laundry bill. We saved three dollars last week.

TAGGART. Oh, it was nothing. Really, I enjoyed dipping your lovely little undies in Lux.

PAMELA. Doing Lizette's work! Taggart, is there anything between you and my French maid?

TAGGART. Only a thin wall—and I've already cracked the plaster.

PAMELA. Taggart! (*Crosses up to table on terrace—arranging the flowers in view on the terrace.*)

DON. Isn't she wonderful?

TAGGART. Yeah, that Lizette is really something. (*Crosses Left, back of sofa.*)

DON. Not Lizette—Pam! Now, she's the girl I loved and married.

TAGGART. (*Turning back and leans over and whispers to DON*) I'd be crazy about her, too, if she'd leave that liquor cabinet unlocked.

DON. I didn't know it was locked.

TAGGART. Locked? The Yale people are trying to buy the patent from her. (TAGGART exits Left 1.)

PAMELA. (*Enters from terrace with flower basket. Notices a paper on floor near sofa. Puts down her basket on bar and goes to pick up paper on floor Right of sofa*) Don!

DON. Yes, dear?

PAMELA. I bought you a waste basket. It's not to put your feet in. (*Picks up paper from floor.*)

DON. What's the matter? Too small?

PAMELA. Oh, don't be funny! (*Crosses behind the sofa.*)

DON. Darling, I love to see you pick up after me. (*Wadding up a sheet of typewriter paper.*)

PAMELA. What husband doesn't?

DON. (*Tossing paper ball into middle of floor*) This is just to prove I'm perfectly normal.

PAMELA. (*Shakes her head and smiles; sits Right arm of sofa*) Oh, you're all that and more!

DON. (*With affection*) Who'd ever dream you'd turn out to be this kind of wife?

PAMELA. *Nobody's more surprised than I am. (Catches herself and smiles)* And when a woman betrays herself, that's news.

DON. The sweetest traitor I ever knew. The way you work around this house, and look after me, anybody would think you *had* to do it.

PAMELA. (*Rising, gulps*) What a silly idea! (*Picks up paper DON has just thrown on floor.*)

DON. That's why we're all so happy here. I'll bet there isn't another family like ours in the whole world.

PAMELA. *There's no doubt about that! (Crosses up Right Center; deposits paper behind bar; starts for vase that she gets from shelf Right, between the doors)* But I'm afraid you're wrong about us all being happy.

DON. Wrong? I thought we—

PAMELA. (*Interrupting, turns to DON; with apparent concern*) Not we. It's Jim! (*Puts vase on bar.*)

DON. Jim? (*Looks at room Right I.*)

PAMELA. (*Putting flowers in vase*) Yes, haven't

you noticed? He's so irritable lately. And the way he drinks—! (*Putting vase back on shelf Right.*)

DON. Yes, I've noticed it—ever since he broke up with Linda.

PAMELA. (*With mock surprise. Crossing up to bar; gets basket with remaining flowers*) That's it! That's it! He can't bear the sight of our happiness when he's so miserable about her.

DON. I thought that's why you invited him to live here—so he wouldn't feel so all alone.

PAMELA. (*Sadly. Crossing above sofa to shelf Left, between doors*) Well, things just haven't worked out the way I planned. (*Takes vase Left and places it on coffee table Left of sofa; sits on sofa Left of DON with basket of roses in her lap.*)

DON. Well, at least you tried, dear.

(*Door Right 1 opens and JIM enters, moving toward dining room door Left 1.*)

PAMELA. (*As door opens*) Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

JIM. (*Irritably*) If you must be so uncivilized as to get up before noon, will you please walk tiptoe?

PAMELA. Good morning, Jim!

DON. Good morning, Jim!

JIM. (*Grumpily*) If it is, you had nothing to do with it. (*Crosses Left.*)

DON. (*Good-naturedly*) Is that a pre-breakfast or an after-Scotch mood?

PAMELA. Now, what's wrong in Jim nipping a case or two?

JIM. (*Behind sofa*) Look, Madam Stackhouse, I'm much too tired this morning to be properly abusive. Ha—ha— (*Exits Left 1.*)

PAMELA. (*Looks after JIM*) See, see! He's even snapping at himself.

DON. (*Seriously. Rises and crosses behind sofa*) I'm afraid you're right, Pam. Maybe he *would* be

more contented by himself somewhere. I'll put it to him—man to man. (*Crosses up to desk on platform and gets a dictionary from book rack on desk.*)

PAMELA. (*Quickly*) Oh, no, you can't do that. Why, I'd sooner tell him myself. And you know how devoted I am to Jim! (*Filling vase with roses.*)

DON. (*Smiling*) And Jim to you! Sometimes I get a little jealous—the way he keeps a constant eye on you.

PAMELA. *Constant eye is right!* If he'd only revolve he'd make a good lighthouse.

DON. (*Crossing back to sofa and sits Right arm*) Darling, this is serious. Do you think maybe Jim hasn't moved out because he's afraid to hurt our feelings?

PAMELA. Well—particularly mine!

DON. (*Busying himself with scripts and dictionary, which he places on the end of the sofa arm*) Well, how can we tell him? We can't just slip a note under his door.

PAMELA. Why not? Like for the milkman: "Please don't leave us a quart of Jim Stackhouse any more."

DON. Anyway, we may be assuming too much. He hasn't *said* he wants to go.

PAMELA. (*Determined*) No, but he will.

DON. How do you know?

PAMELA. (*Impulsively*) Oh, I'm fixing that.

DON. What?

PAMELA. Don't you worry, dear. I'll think of some plan—

DON. And I thought we'd created the first perfect triangle. Just when things are going so nicely, along comes another cockeyed situation. Poor old Jim—he'll be all alone again.

PAMELA. He needn't be— We could let Taggart go with him. (DON, *thumbing through dictionary, looks up at PAMELA*) I'd even make that sacrifice for Jim. He could darn his socks and keep his glass

filled. (*Rises, puts basket on sofa, then kneels behind DON and puts her arms around his shoulders.*)

DON. (*Falling in with the idea*) Sure! They could get two small rooms with a bar between.

PAMELA. Of course, darling! And remember Jim saying that married people should be alone? And Jim's always so right. Married people shouldn't have anyone else around. They should— (*She thinks for a moment. We see her mind working*) Say! Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could patch things up between Jim and Linda?

DON. (*Puts scripts, etc., down on arm of sofa*) It certainly would be great.

PAMELA. (*Thinking*) They'll never get together unless we do it for them. She's too proud and he's too stubborn.

DON. I'd think of a way if I could remember my Ibsen.

PAMELA. (*Her mind is working, scheming*) Maybe it wasn't such a bad idea—my asking Linda to drop in this afternoon—

(TAGGART appears Center from Left.)

DON. (*Eyeing PAMELA lovingly*) Always thinking of others. Oh, but darling, you're the sweetest thing in the world—

PAMELA. (*As they embrace*) And you're so wonderful— (*Ad lib.*)

TAGGART. (*Comes into the room as he sees the embrace. Crossing down Left Center*) Hold that position! (*Eyes it thoughtfully*) I've been trying to explain that to Lizette for a week.

(DOOR CHIMES up Right chime.)

PAMELA. (*As they break the embrace, embarrassed*) Shame on you—Taggart!

TAGGART. (*Holding up hand as if to stop them*) Sit still folks. I'll get it. (*Exits slowly Right 2.*)

DON. I hope he gets there in time. He's coming along all right, isn't he?

PAMELA. Oh, I don't know. He gets A's in all his classes at the Butlers' School, but he still serves soup with both thumbs in it. (*Dismissing the subject. To DON*) Now go on, get back to your work. Jim says the new play's a flop, so you probably have another hit on your hands.

DON. (*Kidding*) Darling, I'm writing such pure drivel you'll be a bigger star than ever.

(*DON leans over and gives her a fond hug and kiss as door Left 1 opens and JIM enters carrying a glass of orange juice.*)

JIM. (*Sourly*) Oh. God!—I'm sorry, but this is the only way back to my room. (*Crosses Right.*)

PAMELA. Jim, you'd be amazed at the married people who still make love to each other.

JIM. To me, kissing in broad daylight is positively vulgar. (*Exits Right 1.*)

DON. (*Amused*) He just can't appreciate pent-house barbarians.

(*They embrace and kiss.*)

TAGGART. (*Enters Right 2. Eyeing DON and PAMELA enviously. Crossing Center*) Beautiful, beautiful!—Oh, pardon me! There's a kind of a lady outside. She wants to see the boss.

PAMELA and DON. What does she want?

(*PAMELA and DON shake hands.*)

TAGGART. Says she's from a kind of a magazine.

PAMELA. Oh—girls working their way through college now? !

(JIM enters Right 1.)

TAGGART. O.K. ! I'll throw her out. (*Catching himself*) But politely. (*Starts to go.*)

JIM. (*Stands down Right. Stops TAGGART*) Wait a minute! I nearly forgot! That must be Leona Sharpe, a staff writer from *Household Hints*.

PAMELA. (*Frightened*) *Household Hints*? !

JIM. A little interview I arranged for you. You'll love it. Show her in, Taggart.

(TAGGART nods and exits Right 2.)

PAMELA. Oh—putting me on the spot in print, eh?

DON. (*Protesting to JIM. Rises, crossing up Center*) Now, Jim, is that fair?—not even giving her time to memorize a few pages from the cook book?

JIM. (*Crosses up Right*) As if Pam needed a script to give a good performance!

PAMELA. (*Rises; crossing in Left Center*) *Household Hints*! (*To JIM, angrily*) Why, you—you—(*Catching herself as JIM smiles warningly*) You keep her busy till I come back. (*PAMELA exits quickly Left 1, taking flower basket.*)

DON. (*Crossing up Left Center*) What's the matter with you, Jim? Why don't you put on your white-tie-and-tails disposition once in a while?

JIM. All right, fellow, for you I'll give up my grouch for Lent.

DON. Thank you so much.

JIM. Oh, that's all right. I'll see you around. (*He exits Right 2.*)

(DON returns dictionary to shelf Left of door up Center.)

JIM. (*Off in foyer*) How do you do, Miss Sharpe? Taggart, I have an errand for you, and hurry.

(LEONA SHARPE *enters Right 2. She is obviously curious about her surroundings.*)

DON. (*Crossing up Center*) How do you do, Miss Sharpe— (*Goes behind bar.*)

MISS SHARPE. (*Stopping him. Left Center*) Ohh! Don't say a word until I drink this all in! (*Crosses Center, gaping. TAGGART comes rushing by from Right 2 waving a dollar bill. Dashes madly into kitchen Left 1, almost knocking MISS SHARPE over in his rush*) My heavens!

DON. (*Trying to cover*) Don't mind him! He just had an overdose of gelatine. (*Goes behind bar.*)

(JIM *re-enters Right 2; sits on Right stool at bar.*)

MISS SHARPE. (*Up Center, turning to DON*) Oh, you must be the other Mr. Stackhouse! Or is it Mr. Barry?

DON. (*Pouring drinks*) That depends on which you think is the more important in a play—the star or the author.

MISS SHARPE. (*Up Center*) If I were alone with my typewriter I'd give you a snappy answer.

DON. (*Behind bar*) Maybe we can find one in this bottle— How about it? Will you join us?

MISS SHARPE. (*Bridling. At Center*) Why, that's very kind of you, but I—I never drink.

DON. (*Coaxing*) Oh, come now! Just a little one. What's a quart between friends?

MISS SHARPE. Oh, well! (*Goes over to bar and automatically raises her foot for rail. As there is none, she is properly embarrassed. DON and JIM react. As laugh dies, DON has three drinks ready.*)

DON. Well, here's to a successful interview!

MISS SHARPE. (*Holding up her glass*) Bottoms up!

(DON, JIM and MISS SHARPE all drink.)

DON. (*Reacting as MISS SHARPE tosses off her drink*) Water?

MISS SHARPE. (*Crossing Left Center*) Water? No, thanks. I never use it. (*Wipes her mouth.*)

DON. (*Holding up quart bottle*) Miss Sharpe, would you like to sit down or fall down?

MISS SHARPE. (*Turns to DON*) Oh, I'll have another one later.

(TAGGART comes racing out of Left 1 wearing top-coat and derby. He bolts for exit up Right 2, almost knocking MISS SHARPE over again. As he exits a DOOR SLAM is heard off up Right. She reacts, and crosses to in front of sofa.)

DON. Look out there!

MISS SHARPE. Well—these new army tanks can go anywhere.

DON. (*Crossing down Center*) He's pretty busy today, Miss Sharpe. He's breaking in a new pair of shoes for me.

JIM. (*Rises; crossing down, sits chair Right Center*) Just make yourself comfortable. Miss Barry will be here in a moment. You can't drag her out of that kitchen. She's practically a *domestic prisoner*.

MISS SHARPE. (*Sits on sofa*) How charming! I love to write about people who live their home life at home—celebrated people who get married. But sometimes it's very embarrassing for me.

DON. Really? How's that?

MISS SHARPE. Well, you see, mine is a monthly publication, and quite often, before it comes out, they get divorced.

DON. (*Crossing to Right of sofa*) That's a dirty trick. But don't worry about us. We're as happy as newlyweds before the wedding. (*PAMELA enters Center, a handkerchief around her head, wearing a Mother Hubbard, rubber gloves, etc. She sweeps vigorously with carpet-sweeper. As she pushes it near JIM'S feet he lifts them quickly out of the way and rises and crosses extreme Right to get out of way. DON looks lovingly at PAMELA, then beams at MISS SHARPE*) The little busybody! (*To PAMELA; crosses to Center*) Oh, darling—! This is Miss Sharpe from *Household Hints*. Miss Barry—

PAMELA. (*Feigning surprise, puts sweeper against bar. MISS SHARPE rises*) Oh! I beg your pardon! (*Gushing, crosses to MISS SHARPE in front of sofa*) How do you do? I'm so embarrassed to have you find me like this! But then, I always say, one can do one's own work better than any servant who ever lived.

MISS SHARPE. I don't see how you do it. In my own little one-room apartment I can barely find time to throw out the bottles. (*Catches herself.*)

PAMELA. I do hope I haven't kept you waiting—?

MISS SHARPE. Oh, no, indeed! And I've been delightfully entertained by Mister Barry—I mean your husband. Oh, Miss Stackhouse—I mean Mrs. Barry—whew! (*Laughs confusedly and sits*) Well, he's just too, too— (*Getting notebook from purse. PAMELA sits sofa; JIM in chair Right Center*) Oh, I can see I'm going to get a splendid article,—catching you so unaware!

JIM. Yes, right in the middle of her carpet-sweeping day.

MISS SHARPE. Yes, I see— May I ask you a few stock questions? It's just a formality. We already have all the answers in our files— First, Mr. Stackhouse, what do you think is the most important thing to make a marriage successful?

DON. (*Standing Center*) A—a husband and wife.

PAMELA. Married to each other, of course.

MISS SHARPE. Well, you two are so quotable!

JIM. Yes, I'm going to have all their little witticisms carved in Jello.

PAMELA. Seriously, I think the most important factor in a happy marriage is *economy*. (*A dirty look to JIM.*)

DON. And her penny bank is almost full.

(TAGGART, *panting and out of breath, enters Right 2 carrying by the string a cake-box from Cushman's. He dashes quickly across and exits Left 1. MISS SHARPE reacts.*)

DON. (*Center*) We're putting in traffic lights next week.

JIM. Pam, dear, why don't you tell Miss Sharpe all about your little adventures in the kitchen?

PAMELA. The what? Oh, yes, the *kitchen*. Well, I—I have one of those *experimental* kitchens.

MISS SHARPE. Oh, you must have discovered some marvelous recipes.

PAMELA. Oh, no, I never work from recipes.

MISS SHARPE. Well, how do you ever make anything?

PAMELA. Oh, I just ad lib.

DON. And whatever it looks like, she names it.

JIM. She's started a surrealist movement in her double boiler.

TAGGART. (*Enters from Left 1 and stands stiffly at attention Left of sofa. Veddy English*) Beg pahdon, Madam. Your masterpiece of cake creation is about to be born.

PAMELA. (*Taking it big*) My cake? (TAGGART *pantomimes it for MISS SHARPE's benefit*) Oh,—my cake!

MISS SHARPE. I'd love to see it.

PAMELA. (*Weakly, to TAGGART*) She'd love to see it. (*To MISS SHARPE*) You would—

MISS SHARPE. Yes, I would.

(TAGGART turns and makes quick dash off Left 1.)

DON. (*Covering*) Miss Sharpe, did you know that Western Union has a cake that sings Happy Birthday—

TAGGART. (*Enters Left 1 bearing a sad-looking cake on a platter*) The cook sends her compliments. (*Bending over to show it to MISS SHARPE. Behind sofa.*)

MISS SHARPE. Well, what would you call that?

DON. (*Absently*) Crummy—uh, I mean a little crumb cake.

MISS SHARPE. (*Looking at cake*) Hmmmm! A baked-on icing! Incredible! (TAGGART beams and crosses Left Center to show cake to DON) Simply incredible! How do you do it?

PAMELA. Oh, it's simple. You just pour the cake into the icing. (*Aside to TAGGART*) Get that mess out of here.

TAGGART. (*Turning to PAMELA, indicating MISS SHARPE*) Oh, she'll be leaving soon.

DON. (*Laughing to cover—pushes TAGGART out Left 1 and crosses behind sofa*) That's all, Taggart!

(TAGGART exits Left 1, with cake.)

MISS SHARPE. (*Recovering*) Well, just one or two more questions. How do you feel about babies?

DON. Oh, I think they're here to stay.

PAMELA. (*With a look at JIM*) I just adore children, and so does my husband—

MISS SHARPE. How cozy! (*Writing*) And what is your favorite color?

DON. (*Absently, patting PAMELA on the head*)
We'd prefer *white* babies.

(*DOOR CHIMES up R. chime.*)

MISS SHARPE. (*Rising*) Well, it's been a lovely interview. If I need anything more I'll call you—?

JIM. (*Rising*) Or call me. In my spare time, I'm Miss Barry's *Boswell*.

(*PAMELA rises. TAGGART enters Center from Left, gets carpet sweeper at bar and exits Right 2.*)

MISS SHARPE. (*Crossing Center*) I hope you'll forgive me if I've seemed a little bold, but it's necessary in our work, you know.

DON. (*Left Center*) Oh, it's quite all right—and just consider our *bar*—I mean our *home*—open to you any time.

JIM. (*Crossing to MISS SHARPE*) May I show you down, Miss Sharpe?

(*LINDA enters Right 2 and crosses to Left of chair Right Center.*)

PAMELA. *Linda—!*

JIM. (*Surprised*) *Linda?* (*Turns eagerly and crosses Right Center to LINDA.*)

LINDA. (*Breathless at seeing JIM*) Well—

JIM. (*Breathlessly*) Hello! Well, how are you?

LINDA. Abnormally normal again, thanks to you.

JIM. You know, it's funny, but your phone number's been running through my mind lately—

LINDA. (*Laughs*) Has it?

(*PAMELA sits Right arm of sofa and DON puts his arm around her.*)

JIM. (*Reverts to type*) Yes, for some silly reason.

LINDA. Thank you.

JIM. Why haven't you been down to the office to pick up those things you left there?

LINDA. When you've finished reading them, just file them away in the morgue along with our relationship. (*Crosses Right; sits chair Right Center.*)

MISS SHARPE. (*Crosses down Center*) I never eavesdropped at such close range.

DON. It's quite all right, Miss Sharpe. It's in our lease.

(JIM crosses up to Left of bar.)

MISS SHARPE. (*Chuckling*) Couldn't somebody just small-talk me down to the elevator? (*Looks at DON meaningly.*)

DON. (*Crossing to MISS SHARPE*) Of course! May I take you down and call you a cab? (*Crossing to door Right 2 with MISS SHARPE*) Been slipping off a lot of rails lately, Miss Sharpe?

(DON and MISS SHARPE exit Right 2.)

PAMELA. (*After an embarrassed pause*) Jim, dear, be a darling and run around the block. Linda and I want to tear you apart.

LINDA. (*Rising*) Oh, it's all right, Pam. I'll go along. We'll get together some other time. (*Starts for door Right 2.*)

JIM. (*Stopping her with gesture*) What, and delay my own crucifixion? No! For such an event I can afford to be gallant.

PAMELA. Good boy, Jim!

JIM. (*Coming down*) Well, we'll probably scrape fenders again one of these days.

LINDA. (*Smiling*) Sure. It's a small world— isn't it hell?

JIM. If there's anything in reincarnation, I hope I come back as an ache in your tooth.

(JIM exchanges a stubborn, hostile look with LINDA and then he exits Right 2.)

PAMELA. (*Rises and crosses Right Center to LINDA. As LINDA sinks into armchair Right Center*) Oh, Linda, I am sorry about this! (*Goes to bar and takes off her outfit.*)

LINDA. I thought you told me Jim wasn't going to be here.

PAMELA. He usually sulks out of the house long before this. Besides I *had* to talk to you. (*Lays outfit on shelf Left of Center arch*) Like your new job?

LINDA. (*Overly gay*) Eight hours a day, then my life's my own. It's wonderful!

PAMELA. (*Coming down Right Center*) Everything's just fine, huh?

LINDA. (*Lying beautifully*) Oh—better than that.

PAMELA. My, my, my, it must be a great comfort, breaking up with all your old friends.

LINDA. (*Suspiciously*) What are you getting at?

PAMELA. As if you didn't know! You're unhappy, Linda.

LINDA. I am not—

PAMELA. Oh, Linda, women can fool men, but not women.

LINDA. (*Rising, crossing Left to sofa*) Look, darling, I came here for luncheon, not a confessional. I don't want to talk about Jim Stackhouse.

PAMELA. All washed up with him, uh?

LINDA. Washed up and bleached! (PAMELA *sinks on arm of chair Right Center*) He's absolutely impossible! (*Crossing up behind sofa and puts furs and pocketbook on sofa.*)

PAMELA. This may sound strange to you coming from me, but I think Jim is all right.

LINDA. (*Surprised, turns*) Well, I'm sorry I can't

share this *sudden affection* for Mister Stackhouse. (*Crosses Center.*)

PAMELA. It isn't affection as much as gratitude.

LINDA. (*Puzzled*) Gratitude?

PAMELA. Linda, that big lug kicked me right smack into happiness.

LINDA. What?

PAMELA. (*Defiantly*) But I wouldn't give him the satisfaction of knowing it. (*Confidentially*) Take it from me, there's nothing like being a good wife to the man who loves you. It's the greatest thrill a woman can have.

LINDA. (*Crosses Right; eyeing her closely*) Do you really mean that?

PAMELA. (*Seriously*) Yes, I do.

LINDA. (*Crossing to PAMELA and fully embraces her*) Oh, Pam, that's wonderful!

PAMELA. But don't you see what he's doing now—he's spoiling everything by forcing himself on us—spying on us, when we should be left alone. I'm getting pretty tired of coming down to my breakfast every morning feeling there's a G-man in my oatmeal.

LINDA. (*Joyfully*) Oh, Pam, you've always had these qualities; you just wouldn't give yourself a chance to know it.

PAMELA. That's why I'm grateful to Jim.

LINDA. (*Crossing Center*) Why give him any credit? He didn't want things to turn out this way. He put the pressure on you to prove he was right to preserve his own ego.

PAMELA. All men are inclined to be a little bit egotistical.

LINDA. (*Savagely, letting loose her pent-up emotion. Takes stage Center*) Huh! Lords of creation! Selfish and important! And women trail behind them like a lot of sheep! Oh, when they're in trouble and need us we're wonderful. But when everything's all

straightened out again it's a different story—I tell you it's a racket!

PAMELA. (*Rises; crossing Center*) Now, Linda, all your bitterness is directed toward one man—and all he tried to do was help his brother. Jim was right about me, you know. (*LINDA looks puzzled at PAMELA*) Of course he's all wrong about himself.

LINDA. What's new about that?

PAMELA. He loves you, Linda.

LINDA. Ha—

PAMELA. He'd be the last person in the world to admit it, but he loves you.

LINDA. (*Bitterly*) Sure. He'll tell me when I'm in the Old Ladies' Home.

PAMELA. (*Goads her*) Well, where's all your fight?

LINDA. Fight? I've been fighting for six years to penetrate that man's hide and you know it. It's like trying to break through a turtle's back with a toothpick. (*Crosses to sofa.*)

PAMELA. (*Decisively, following her Left Center*) I'm responsible for what's happened between you and Jim and I'm going to do something about it.

LINDA. Oh, forget it, Pam!

PAMELA. I can't forget it because I know how much you love him.

LINDA. (*Turning to PAMELA*) No, I don't!

PAMELA. Yes, you do!

LINDA. No, I don't!

PAMELA. Yes, you do—you've never fooled me for a minute—

LINDA. (*Collapses*) Oh, Pam, I'm miserable! (*Sinks on Right arm of sofa—crying.*)

PAMELA. (*Consoling her*) That's wonderful. There, there, now. You tell me all about it.

LINDA. (*Through her sobs*) I'd give anything in the world to forget him. I've tried so hard! I lie awake nights telling myself what a fool I am. He

hasn't a human trait in his whole body. (*Looks up*)
He never even made a pass at me!

PAMELA. That selfish heel!

LINDA. But I just can't help it! I'll always love him! (*Breaks down in more sobs.*)

PAMELA. (*Comforting her*) Of course you will! (*Thoughtfully*) Well, we'll have to do something. We've got to wake him up. We'll light a bomb under him. (*LINDA looks up—thinks aloud*) He's just stubborn, that's all. All that man wants is a legitimate excuse to save his face—

LINDA. Do you think so?

PAMELA. A shove in the right direction! Oh-ho-ho, would I like to give it to him! We've got to get you two married. That's the way out.

LINDA. Oh, Pam, that's ridiculous. (*Sobs.*)

PAMELA. That's the solution to everything. (*Thinks hard, glances at her, back at LINDA, then a smile breaks. LINDA sobs*) So he never made a pass at you, huh?

LINDA. (*Double-take*) No—

PAMELA. Oh—ho-ho—what I'm going to do to that man! (*Paces up and down Left jubilantly.*)

LINDA. Pam, what are you going to do? (*Rises.*)

DON. (*Offstage up Right*) Come on in, Jim.

(*DOOR SLAM is heard off Right 2.*)

JIM. I'll be with you in a minute.

PAMELA. There they are. (*Reacts; rushes to LINDA*) Look, you want that man, don't you?

LINDA. (*Confused*) Well, of course I do—but—

PAMELA. Then you do everything I tell you to do. You're having hysterics.

LINDA. I'm what?

(*PAMELA pushes LINDA on sofa violently. LINDA screams.*)

PAMELA. You're having hysterics—

LINDA. Oh, Pam, this is ridiculous.

DON. (*Enters Right 2; reacts. Crossing anxiously Center*) What is it? What's the matter?

PAMELA. (*Kneeling in front of sofa Left, apparently quieting LINDA. Quickly, in loud stage whisper*) I haven't time to explain. Just trust me, and whatever I say you fall in with. Get down there and hold that end.

DON. (*Complying*) Hold that end! (*Goes to end of sofa and takes LINDA'S feet. LINDA screams.*)

(*JIM enters Right 2; starts down Right for his room, then stops, interested; looks at them in amazement.*)

PAMELA. (*Putting it on*) Oh—you poor, poor dear!

(*LINDA wails.*)

JIM. (*Rises on tiptoe; then*) What's the matter with her?

PAMELA. (*Viciously*) You keep out of this, Jim Stackhouse! Haven't you done enough damage? (*JIM reacts and starts for his room, Right 1*) You poor darling, you must be brave!

DON. (*With mock concern*) Yes, go on—get out.

(*LINDA continues to struggle and yell.*)

JIM. (*Coming back cautiously, trying not to show too much concern*) Well, why don't you get a doctor?

PAMELA. Yes, call my doctor! The house phone! Doctor Luther. The boy downstairs will get him for you. (*To DON as JIM rushes over to house phone on Left end of bar. JIM is L. of bar*) Don! Help me get poor little Linda into my room.

DON. Yes, of course! (*Picks up LINDA as she kicks and screams.*)

PAMELA. (*Rushing to bar to pick up apron and gloves. To JIM*) Hurry up! Get the doctor. (*Then races to door Left 2.*)

(JIM, at phone, excited.)

LINDA. Put me down, Don— (*Screams as they exit Left 2.*)

JIM. (*Looking after the OTHERS. Can't talk and hollers*) Quiet! Hello, Doctor Luther! He isn't in? Well, where is he— Yes, go find him and tell him to come up to the Stackhouse apartment right away. No, it isn't Miss Barry—it's a friend of hers. I don't know what's the matter with her—I'm not a doctor!—She was having some kind of an attack when I came in— All right! (*Hangs up receiver as DON enters; looks anxiously toward bedroom Left 2*) What's the matter with her?

DON. (*Stalling for time, has no idea what's up. Crossing up Center*) Why—uh, looks like a bad case of hysterics to me.

JIM. (*Puzzled*) That's funny. She never had hysterics before.

(LINDA emits a blood-curdling scream off stage.
Both MEN react.)

DON. She's got them now. (*Stalling. Crossing behind bar*) Oh!— Did you call the doctor?

JIM. (*Sits Left stool at bar*) He was out. They'll send him over as soon as possible.

DON. (*For lack of something better to say*) Good! We'll probably need him for you, too. (*Gets bottle of liquor and couple of glasses up on bar.*)

JIM. (*Reacts*) Me? There's nothing the matter with me!

DON. (*Pouring drinks*) No? You look like the Rains Came. Here, you need a drink.

JIM. Maybe a drink would help. I do feel a little low, what with one thing and another. (*Downs drink.*)

DON. (*Eyeing him*) Yeah, you're one thing and Linda's the other.

JIM. Don't be silly. I'm just a little off my feed. Touch of temperament, I guess.

DON. Temperament? You're sure it isn't love?

JIM. Love? I don't love anyone.

DON. No one but yourself.

JIM. (*Hotly*) That's a lie! I *hate* myself.

DON. Well, that's the first good news I've had from you in a long time. Maybe there's still hope.

JIM. Hope? For what?

DON. For you, my stubborn brother.

(PAMELA enters Left 2 and stands on platform; shakes her head reprovably and hopelessly; glares at JIM.)

JIM. (*Crossing to her quickly up Left Center*) Well, what's the matter with her?

(*Followed by DON up Center.*)

PAMELA. (*On platform*) Of what possible interest could that be to you?

JIM. Well, that's a helluva'n attitude to take!

PAMELA. Who tore the callouses off your heart?

DON. (*Pleased, looking over JIM's shoulder*) He's worried about her, Pam, really he is.

PAMELA. That's a new emotion for him.

DON. (*Meaningly*) Just look at him. If he's not a worried man, I never saw one.

JIM. (*Baffled, as they BOTH look at him*) I'm going to talk to Linda! (*Starts Left.*)

PAMELA. (*Standing up on platform—stops him as he starts up steps*) She doesn't want to talk to you.

JIM. We'll see about that. (*Starts for Left 2 door.*

PAMELA *stops him*) Don't try to stop me.

PAMELA. (*Sharply*) You're not going in there.

JIM. (*Eyes her with contempt*) What?

PAMELA. (*Firmly*) You're not going in there!

DON. (*Grabbing his arm and pulling him back Right Center. Right of JIM*) You're not going in there—

JIM. I'm not going in there.

PAMELA. (*Crossing down Center*) Don't you get tough with me, Jim Stackhouse! You're in enough trouble as it is!

JIM. (*Right Center*) Trouble? What are you talking about?

PAMELA. If you go in there now and upset that girl now it would be *dangerous*—might even be *fatal*—in *her condition*.

JIM. (*Stares at her; reacts; turns to DON*) Condition?—*what condition?*

DON. (*Consolingly*) That's right, Jim.—Oh-h-h! (*Sits on arm of chair Right Center.*)

PAMELA. (*JIM starts for Left 2 door as PAMELA stops him*) Maybe you'd better sit down while I tell you this.

JIM. (*Belligerently*) I'll do all my sitting down *standing up*, if you don't mind. (*PAMELA doesn't know just how to start*) Well, come on—what's the matter?

PAMELA. (*Stalling*) You've made your first big mistake, Jim Stackhouse, and now you're going to pay through the nose.

JIM. (*Exasperated. To DON*) Do I have to take this from her?

DON. (*Still in a fog, but willing to play the game*) That's right, Jim—as far as I know.

JIM. You're a big help!

PAMELA. (*Decides to get it over with*) You don't know it yet, but *you're* going to be a father!

(JIM and DON react. DON is speechless.)

JIM. (*Double take*) W-w-what?

PAMELA. Linda's going to have a child—*your* child!

JIM. (*Laughs uproariously*) Oh-ho-ho-ho!

PAMELA. Oh, you don't believe that?

JIM. What is this, the old army game?

PAMELA. I expected you to deny it—you *cad*!

JIM. Oh, you did?

PAMELA. Yes, I did. But it's true just the same.

JIM. (*Looks at her in amazement, then turns to DON*) Surely you don't believe this?

DON. (*Naively*) I thought you knew?

JIM. (*Alarmed at DON's assent*) What are you talking about? We've never been anything to each other—I *ought to know*!

PAMELA. You *ought* to, but *do* you?

JIM. Listen! This is beginning to get on my nerves—I tell you there isn't one word of truth in it.

PAMELA. (*Pointedly*) Wouldn't you have some difficulty proving that?

JIM. (*Indignant*) Just what are you driving at?

PAMELA. Haven't you been alone with Linda night after night?

JIM. Yes, at the office.

PAMELA. Only at the office?

JIM. (*Thinks*) Well, a few times at her apartment—what about it?

PAMELA. (*Feeling her way*) And isn't it true that you've remained at Linda's very late?

JIM. (*Disturbed*) So what? I stay late everywhere. I do most of my work at night.

PAMELA and DON. (*Suggestively*) Yes-s-s!

JIM. (*Burns*) Well, being at Linda's until all hours doesn't mean anything.

PAMELA. Oh, doesn't it? Were you absolutely *sober* on all occasions?

JIM. (*Alarmed*) Sober? (*To DON*) Can I remember every time I've been sober?

PAMELA. Well, I'll refresh your memory for you. One night at Linda's you passed out completely. (*Crosses up Center.*)

JIM. (*They BOTH look at him. He finally gets it*) You mean I— Oh, of all the rotten insinuations! (*Crosses Left in front of sofa*) I may have been drunk, but I knew what I was doing.

PAMELA. (*Crossing down Left Center*) You only *think* you knew what you were doing, and I'm *not* insinuating!

(PAMELA looks to DON for confirmation. DON, who has been listening in amazement, gulps; then:)

DON. It's never been done with mirrors.

(JIM reacts. DON shakes a finger at him.)

PAMELA. (*Relentless as she sees JIM's dismay*) And you stayed at Linda's until morning. She told me so herself.

JIM. (*Protesting—to PAMELA, in front of sofa*) But I was out cold!

DON. (*Coming to gradually*) You may have been out, but I wouldn't say *cold*!

JIM. (*Crossing Right to DON*) And besides, I was asleep all the time.

DON. Oh—a sexy somnambulist!

(JIM looks from one to the other.)

PAMELA. (*Left Center*) As if you knew what you

were doing *all* the time. Poor dear little Linda thought you loved her. She trusted you, and you don't even remember! (*Glances at DON.*)

DON. Poor little mother!

JIM. (*Violently*) Quiet! You have me all confused. I don't believe one word of it. It just isn't possible— (*Reflects grimly*) Or is it? (*Frantic with alarm*) Why, it couldn't be! (*Looks at DON, worried*) Or could it?

DON. (*Trying to console him*) Well, don't worry, Jim. Even if you were out mentally, you weren't a total loss.

(*JIM reacts and burns.*)

PAMELA. (*Crosses Center to JIM*) The doctor will be here soon. You can talk to him about it.

JIM. (*Startled*) The doctor? What doctor?

PAMELA. Have you forgotten you just called Doctor Luther? Oh, my goodness, your memory does seem to be slipping.

JIM. (*Starts for Left 2 door*) I think I'll look into this myself.

PAMELA. (*Standing in his way*) You're not going in there. Do you want her to have more hysterics?

(*JIM is obviously buffaloed.*)

DON. (*Nodding sadly*) That's right, Jim.

JIM. (*Almost desperate—crossing Right to DON*) I just want to talk to her, that's all.

DON. Oh, you can't talk yourself out of this.

PAMELA. Of course you want to talk to her. I suppose you want to marry her, don't you? Well, I don't blame you. That would fix everything. But she wouldn't have you now if you begged her to.

JIM. (*Boasting—laughs*) That's a laugh!

PAMELA. It won't be by the time I get through

with you. I'm the only person in the world who can talk to Linda and get her to change her mind.

JIM. (*Sarcastically*) Oh, you're sure of that?

PAMELA. Yes, I am. (*Coming to him*) I've been waiting a long time for a chance like this, Jim Stackhouse, and now I have you right where I want you.

JIM. (*Smiles*) Oh, giving me the works, eh?

PAMELA. I could ruin and disgrace you—just like that! (*Snaps fingers in his face*) Smear your name across the front page of every newspaper in the country—*blast your precious career right off the map!* (*She gloats*) You don't deserve any mercy, but to show you I'm not vindictive, I'm *going to give you a chance.*

JIM. (*Sarcastically*) Thanks.

PAMELA. On certain conditions.

JIM. I'm practically in tears—what are they?

PAMELA. (*Putting it on*) Well, I'm going to tell you what to do, where to go, and who your friends shall be—! (*Bitterly*) I may even tell you *what to wear and what to eat.*

DON. (*This is too much. Rises*) Now, Pam, that's too much.

PAMELA. (*Violently to DON*) *You keep out of this.*

DON. I'm out! (*Sits again.*)

PAMELA. (*Turns to JIM; gloating*) Now first, you're going off the air with all that venomous gossip!

JIM. —off the air—

PAMELA. Then you're going to let other people's lives alone!

JIM. —let 'em alone—

PAMELA. And you're going to give up that column of yours and all its filth!

JIM. —to hell with the column—

PAMELA. And then, if I can persuade Linda to forgive you, you're going to marry her and make her happy the way she deserves.

DON. (*Enthusiastically*) That's right, Jim.

JIM. (*Turns to DON; annoyed*) Is that the only thing you can say?

DON. That's right— (*Catches himself and smiles.*)

PAMELA. (*Digging*) And you're going to be the most loving, the most considerate, the most devoted husband a woman ever had. (*As the thought hits her*) Say, can you push a perambulator? (*Crosses up Center.*)

JIM. (*Crossing Left Center*) Right off the porch!

PAMELA. (*Crossing to DON Right Center*) A fine father!

DON. (*Rises*) His own baby!

JIM. (*Turns, sizes them both up, then crosses Center*) Well, you have everything all figured out, haven't you? You've cracked the whip and now I suppose you expect me to get down on my knees and whine for mercy. Well, you haven't accomplished one thing.

(*During above speech, LINDA staggers in through Left 2 door, towel around her head; looks cautiously to PAMELA.*)

PAMELA. (*To JIM, pointing to LINDA*) Will nothing open your eyes?

(*JIM turns, looks at LINDA, reacts as she walks down Left, works her way cautiously to front of sofa. DON crosses Right a step.*)

JIM. My eyes are open, all right, and I'll make myself perfectly clear. Whether I love Linda or not concerns only that young lady and myself. And if you think I need any female John Alden to do my talking for me, you're not as smart as I think you are. (*Yanks up his sleeves; crosses to LINDA*) Well, Mary Magdalene, how do you feel? !

LINDA. (*Still in a daze—reacts*) Why, I feel all right now, Jim— I—I— (*PAMELA motions violently to her behind JIM's back as she crosses up Left Center to bar. LINDA looks to JIM; becomes very sickly*) You've no idea what I'm going through. (*LINDA looks away, front.*)

JIM. (*Coming to her*) I know all about it— Now you listen to me. (*Look from LINDA*) Why did you let me get away with a thing like that? Why didn't you fight—throw cold water?—do something! (*DON sits Right arm of chair Right Center, takes off his glasses and puts them in his pocket*) A fine way to treat a house guest! (*Crosses Right Center. LINDA reacts. JIM turns to DON*) Great protection a guy gets from women nowadays! (*LINDA reacts*) Next time I want to get plastered I'll lock myself in the Y.M.C.A.! (*Coming to her, Left Center*) Why didn't you tell me this before?

LINDA. Jim, please—

PAMELA. (*Crossing down Right Center*) How could she tell you about a thing like that?

LINDA. Will you listen to me?

JIM. *No!* When it comes to my mistakes I'll do the talking. I've been a little wrong, but I don't want to hear a word from you about it. Don't you ever throw it up to me. I'm going to marry you. (*LINDA reacts. He turns to PAMELA*) And you didn't have anything to do with that! (*Back to LINDA. PAMELA sits Left arm chair Right Center*) I want that kid! He's gonna have my name! He's gonna be mine! (*Turns to PAMELA and DON. LINDA sinks on sofa, dumbfounded*) And neither one of you had anything to do with that. (*Back to LINDA*) Oh, before I forget it, you'll marry me, won't you— (*LINDA is speechless. Going right on. To PAMELA, proudly*) Hah-hah! Did you get that?

PAMELA. (*Relieved*) I got it!

DON. And this time you've got witnesses.

PAMELA. Yes, you can't back out now, Jim.

JIM. Who wants to back out? (*To LINDA*) I'd have married you a long time ago, but how did I know that's what you wanted? Why, you never even *proposed* to me.

LINDA. (*Rising*) Well, I like that!

JIM. And you watch my drinking after this—we don't want to have a big family.

(*LINDA reacts.*)

DON. (*This is too much*) Say, Jim what do you want, a wife or a night watchman?

(*PAMELA rises and crosses up to bar.*)

JIM. I just won't stand being reminded of what a fool I've been. I've been sour on the world, yes—Well, what do you expect from a guy with mental dyspepsia? All right, that's over—let's forget it. (*Turning to PAMELA, who comes down Right Center*) But I'm not giving up the column, and I'm not going off the air. I'm taking a spiritual bath, but nobody's going to take the skin off me when they rub me down. (*To LINDA. Crossing Left*) Do you get that?

LINDA. Okay, then, don't step on my toes.

JIM. *Then you keep your feet in the right place.*

LINDA. *And don't shout at me!*

JIM. *I'm not shouting at you!*

LINDA. *You are!*

JIM. *I'm trying to tell you I love you!*

LINDA. *Well, I love you too!*

JIM. *All right!*

LINDA. *All right!*

DON. My God, are you two making love?

JIM and LINDA. *Quiet!!*

(DON jumps back at the fierceness; sits Right arm of chair Right Center. JIM turns to LINDA anxiously. PAMELA sits on Left arm chair Right Center.)

JIM. Now take it easy—take it easy. Don't excite yourself. (*Seats her on sofa*) Do you want my kid to be a nervous wreck? (LINDA gulps and smiles sickly) Listen, do you think it'll be a boy?

LINDA. (*Smiles weakly and gulps*) I'm just hoping it will be something.

(JIM gives her a look. LINDA smiles weakly.)

JIM. (*Turns proudly to PAMELA. Crossing Center*) Well, is everything quite satisfactory, Mrs. Stackhouse?

PAMELA. (*Rises; crossing to JIM Right Center*) Not exactly! Do you have to fight with the girl you love? Can't you take her in your arms?

JIM. I told her I love her. Isn't that enough?

PAMELA. (*Amused*) Enough! I thought you'd choke before you got that out. (*Crosses up Center.*)

JIM. (*To LINDA, crossing Left Center*) Well, come on, let's get going. Got to get a license and a ring. Don't tell me you want one of those dressed up weddings?

LINDA. (*Turning to JIM*) No, no, Jim—

JIM. (*To LINDA*) We'll start fresh, kid—first a vacation—California—Honolulu— Well, come on. (LINDA reacts; takes off towel from her head; picks up her things from sofa. JIM crosses up Right Center) You better telephone that Doctor Luther he's making a trip up here for nothing.

DON. You don't know Doctor Luther. He never goes anywhere for nothing.

PAMELA. (*Crossing down Center*) Oh, don't worry

about Doctor Luther. How do you know *I'm* not going to have a baby?

(They ALL react.)

DON. *(Rises)* Pam— Darling— Sweetheart! *(He crosses Center; takes PAMELA in his arms.)*

JIM. Well, you dirty copy cats!

LINDA. *(Rising with furs and things in her arms)*
Pam!

PAMELA. Well, Don takes a drink once in a while himself. *(WARN Curtain.)*

DON. *(Rushing to JIM, Right Center; holding out his hand)* Jim! Isn't it terrific!

JIM. *(Pumping his hand)* Looks like you're all right, too!

(PAMELA and LINDA are embracing Left Center.)

DON. Mass production, eh?

(JIM crosses to PAMELA; holds out his hand sincerely. They shake. Center.)

JIM. Pam, you're all right, and this time I mean it. I should have known you're not the kind of a girl who would really double-cross a guy.

(PAMELA gulps; has a hard time keeping an honest face. JIM goes back to DON, Right Center. PAMELA and LINDA embrace Left Center.)

DON. Goodbye, Daddy!

JIM. So long, Uncle! Come on, Linda! *(Exits Right 2.)*

PAMELA. I wish you didn't have to rush away like this.

(DON *crosses down Right, in front of chair Right Center.*)

LINDA. (*With finality*) I'm sorry, darling. You and Don are all set, but if I'm going to have a baby I've got a helluva lot of *work* to do.

JIM. (*Re-enters hurriedly. Shouting*) Well, what are you waiting for! *Come on!*

(PAMELA *nudges* LINDA. LINDA *starts for him, almost falling.*)

LINDA. Yes Jim—

JIM. (*Raises his hand for her to slow down. He leads her out gingerly*) What do you want now—ice cream, pickles, strawberries—Come on—(*Leads her out Right 2 gently as LINDA looks amazed.*)

(DON and PAMELA *laugh gaily and go into each other's arms Center as—*)

CURTAIN

SEPARATE ROOMS
ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

Balcony

12 500w spots.

Stage

Footlights.

3 6' sections 60w lamps.

12 #2 pink.

12 #62 bastard amber.

12 #35 blue.

First Pipe

16 500w spots.

8 bastard amber #62.

8 #3 pink.

1 6' section 200w X-ray.

2 #3 pink.

2 bastard amber #62.

2 #35 blue.

Right Boom

6 500w spots.

3 pink #3.

3 bastard amber #62.

Left Boom

6 500w spots.

3 pink #3.

3 bastard amber #62.

Doors

3 wizards—2 each side.

60w clear lamps, medium amber.

1 desk lamp 25w clear.

- 11 60w tubular lamps over bar and Center arch—
straw color.

Back of Center Arch

- 4 500w spots to light table and chairs—bastard
amber #62, hanging on #2 pipe.
- 2 sections of X-ray on back drop—9 lights each
section.
- 6 #35 blue for night scene.
- 6 #2 pink
- 6 #29 blue for daytime.

Bells and Chimes

- 2 telephone bells—one on bar and one on back of
sofa.
- 1 set of electric chimes at off stage Right.
- 3 push buttons for bells and chimes off stage
Right.

Stage Switchboard

- 12 5000w dimmers.
- 8 6-way plugging boxes.
- 12 60-ampere switches.
- 1 main switch—400 ampere—3 wire.
- 12 60-ampere pockets.

Floor Plugging Boxes

- 3 6-way plugging boxes—long cable.
- 4 6-way plugging boxes—short cable.

Cables

- 12 #12 for balcony—100' each.
- 12 #14 cables for first pipe—60' each.
- 6 #14 cables for back drop X-rays.
- 2 #14 spots back of Center arch.
- 4 #14 cables for doors—25' each.
- 3 #14 cables for desk and table lamps—25' each.
- 4 #14 extra cables—50' each.

Tree back of Window

- 1 piece of 1½" pipe 18' high with base.
- 4 1000w spots with clamps.
- Open #35 blue—change to frost 2nd Act.

Miniature Bridge Lights

4 110w miniature base lamps on bridge for night time 1st Act.

2 strip lights for change rooms Right upstage.

Light Globes

16 1000w G. 40.

32 500w.

18 500w for X-rays.

6 200w for X-rays.

11 tubular—60w.

6 ambers—40w.

Color Frames

40 500w spots.

12 balcony spots.

4 window spots.

24 X-rays.

36 footlights.

4 wizards.

Gellatin Colors

24 sheets #35 blue.

24 sheets #3 pink.

12 sheets #2 pink.

24 sheets #29 blue.

24 sheets #26 bastard amber.

Extra Equipment

12 15-ampere slip connectors.

6 stage plugs.

*Cues (Switchboard)**Opening First Act*

Balcony $\frac{1}{2}$.

Footlights $\frac{3}{4}$.

X-ray $\frac{1}{2}$.

Desk lamp and tubular lamp over bar.

Also table lamps on.

Night X-rays on back drop.

Miniature lights on bridge.

Wizards on.

House lights up at finish.

Second Act

Bridge out.

Blue and pink on back drop for daytime.

Window white.

Desk lamps and table lamps out.

Balcony and foots up full with curtain.

Spots on first pipe full.

X-rays, booms, window white.

4 500w spots back of Center arch white.

At finish of 1st scene balcony out as curtain comes down.

Balcony on as curtain rises for 2nd scene.

Second Act stage remains same as for 1st scene.

House lights up at the finish of the Second Act.

Third Act

Same as Second Act.

Hold stage lights for bows—house lights up at finish of show.

Pipes

3 1½" iron pipes 32' long for hanging equipment.

2 1½" pipe 18' long for boom.

SEPARATE ROOMS

LIGHT PLOTS

Concert strip:

Two sections of X-rays—blue, pink and straw.

17 spots on concert strip—pink and straw.

3 sections of foots—blue, pink and straw.

12 front spots—blue, pink and straw.

One long row of table lights under bar covering.

R.1 and L.1 below window line and 2 towers containing 6 spots.

Pink and straw.

Offstage on terrace:

Off L. upper is a tower containing:

1 1000 bunch light.

4 1000 watt spots.

Behind the awning up c. are 3 sections of X-rays—blue, pink and straw.

Behind set proper is a pipe focused onto the back of French windows up c.; 2 spots—one R. and one L.

On the top of the spans of the Brooklyn Bridge are 2 little red lights and 2 little white lights.

Offstage in the entrances:

R.1—R.2—L.1—L.2 are bracket lights high up and backings shining down onto the doors.

Onstage lights:

In the ceiling of the shelf covering the bar are tube lights to light up under the shelf.

A table lamp is on shelf—between the doors L.1 and L.2.

A table map is also on the bookshelves between the two doors R.1 and R.2.

A desk lamp is on the desk up L. on platform.

Bells, etc.:

Above arch R.2 is a set of door chimes—practical.

Behind bar up R. is a telephone bell.

Behind sofa L.C. is a telephone bell.

Act One—Evening—2 A.M.

At rise:

The lamps R. and L. and on the desk are lighted.

Tube lights under shelf are on.

Off terrace:

The tower lights off L. upper are midnight blue and shine through the glass window up L. and onto the terrace.

The X-rays behind the awning up c. blue section is lighted.

The bridge lights on the bridge are on.

All of stage and front lights are in use.

Stands for the entire Act.

Act Two and Three—Daytime.

The table lamps on stage R. and L. are off.

All front foots and on stage lights are lighted.

Tube lights under shelf remain in use.

Off on the terrace:

The lower lights L. upper are changed to white.

The X-rays behind awning up c. are all in use—blue, pink and straw.

The 2 spots and pipe focused on door up c. are now in use—white.

Stands for balance of show.

SEPARATE ROOMS

PROPERTY PLOTS

R.C. is a large armchair.

R. of chair is a small table.

On table are a cigarette box, ashtray and matches.

Up R. in front of bar are 3 high stools.

Behind the bar:

5 goblets.

3 mugs.

4 pottery glasses.

8 shell glasses.

4 old-fashioned glasses.

10 whiskey glasses.

10 whiskey bottles.

Wine bottles.

Siphon bottles.

Glass of straws.

Various bar decorations and whatnots.

A built-in icebox is in R. upper corner.

On bar is a telephone and an ash tray.

Under bar in a shelf are:

Bucket of water.

Bar towels.

Cocktail shaker.

Pitcher of water.

2 bottles of whiskey.

Vase for flowers.

Bottles of Cola.

Several glasses.

Bucket of ice.

On shelf between doors R.1 and R.2 is a vase for flowers and a modernistic piece of bric-a-brac.

On shelf above bar are 3 pieces of modernistic bric-a-brac.

On bookcase L. of French windows up c. are 2 vases.

L.C. is a large sofa with 2 sofa pillows.

L. of sofa is a coffee table.

On coffee table are:

A telephone.

An ash tray.

A cigarette box.

Matches.

On whatnot and shelf between doors L.1 and L.2 are:

Vase for flowers.

Couple of modernistic pieces.

Book ends, etc.

Up in French windows L. of c. in corner is an arm-chair.

On desk up on platform up L. are:

Ink wells.

Pens, pencils.

Humidor of tobacco.

Pipe holder and pipes.

Book ends and books (or a dictionary).

Desk lamp.

Ash trays.

Couple of pieces of modernistic bric-a-brac.

In window sill up L. are:

A potted plant.

Pair of book ends.

Couple of pieces of crockery.

Out on terrace up c. are:

2 lawn chairs.

A lawn table on which are wire basket containing glasses. A centerpiece doiley is also on table.

A hedgerow covers the terrace railing.

Entire stage, platform and stairs are fully carpeted.

The glass window up L. and the French windows up c. have drapes hanging from curtain rods.
Hand ropes.

ACT ONE

On the bar is a bottle of Scotch and a glass.

Under bar is glass of Cola ready to serve.

1 cocktail shaker.

Coffee table is front of sofa.

On rear wall above desk up L. is a picture of a landscape.

A modernistic piece of bric-a-brac is on shelf R. between the doors.

Off Stage Properties:

Off up L. on terrace are a cocktail glass and a highball glass.

Off up R. upper are:

7 New York newspapers opening at the theatre reviews.

1 *Life Magazine*.

The stools at the bar are placed—one L. end of bar and two directly in front of bar.

ACT TWO—Scene I

A manuscript and a sheaf of bills are on desk up L.

The coffee table is moved to in front of the sofa—off to the L.

Move the stools at bar directly in front of bar.

The modernistic piece on shelf at R. is struck and a vase filled with flowers replaces it. Vase on shelf at L. also now contains flowers.

A portrait of PAMELA is hung up L. in place of the landscape picture.

Vase and pitcher of water under bar.

Off stage up L.:

A bouquet of flowers.

A chihuahua dog with harness and a leash—tied to harness is a bow ribbon.

ACT TWO—Scene II

Strike flowers from coffee table L.

2 highball glasses filled with ice and a Cola bottle are placed on bar.

Move telephone on bar to c. of bar.

The flowers in the vases R. and L. are changed.

Bottle of brandy under bar.

Off stage props:

A business size letter for JIM.

Dressing gown and slippers off R.I.

Off R. upper on terrace—dog.

ACT THREE

The portrait of PAMELA is struck for another painting.

The flowers R. and L. are struck, leaving the vases empty.

The coffee table L. is placed L. of the couch L.C.

Two crumpled up pieces of paper are discovered on the floor R. of couch.

Manuscripts and pencils are on the desk up L.

Out on the terrace a lawn table is added to the 2 lawn chairs which have been on the terrace throughout the first two Acts.

Off stage R.I are tray containing whiskey bottles and gingerale bottles, etc.

Offstage R.2:

1 one-dollar bill.

1 cake box tied with string.

1 notebook and pencil.

Offstage R.3:

Basket with 2 bouquets of flowers (1 roses).

Sheaf of bills.

Off L.I:

Tray with 2 glasses milk.

1 glass orange juice.
 Cake on dish.

Off L.2:

Turkish towel and safety pin.

Off L.3—on terrace:

Carpet sweeper.

Canvas gloves.

Apron.

Turkish towel.

SEPARATE ROOMS

PUBLICITY THROUGH YOUR LOCAL PAPERS

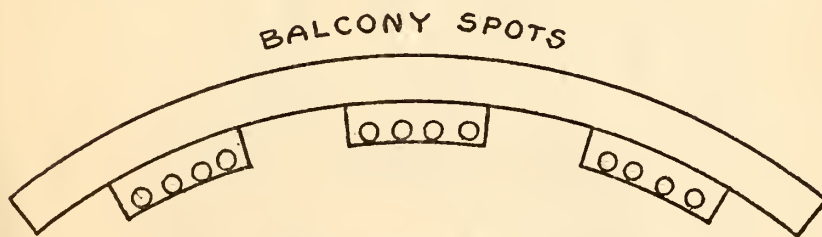
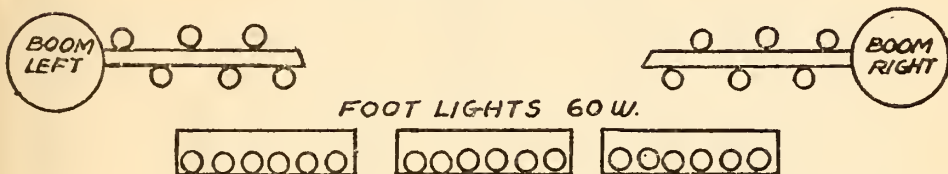
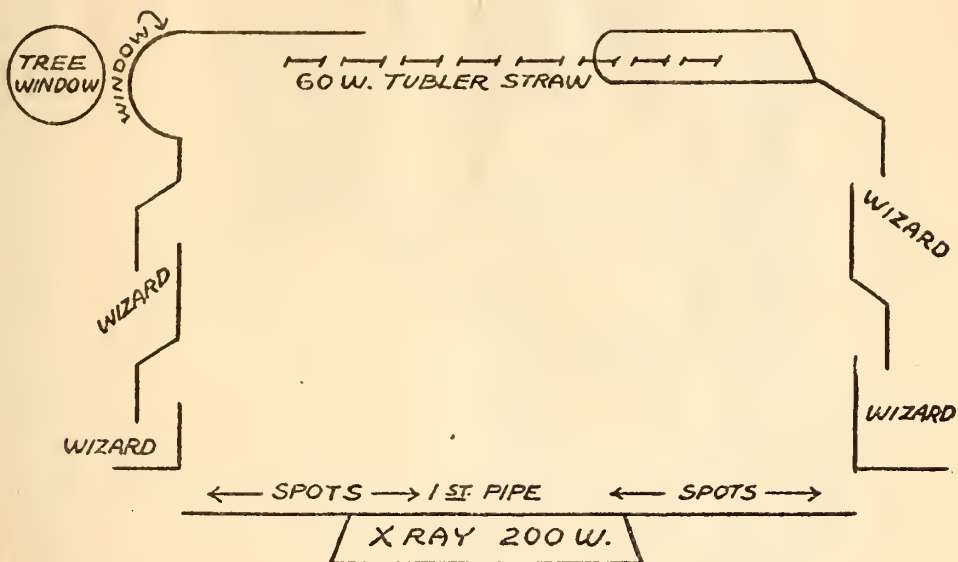
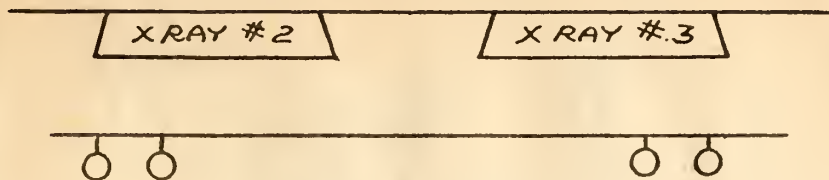
The press can be an immense help in giving publicity to your productions. In the belief that the best reviews from the New York papers are always interesting to local audiences, and in order to assist you, we are printing below several excerpts from those reviews.

"Saturday night's audience was often in convulsions— There were shrill squeals from the balcony, gruff guffaws from the orchestra— —this is your dish."—*New York Post*.

"—frequent funny lines."—*New York Daily News*.

"—authors have stuffed it nearly to the choking point with theatrical gags."—*New York Sun*.

"—cleverly invented situations—lines that bring laughter to an audience."—*New York World-Telegram*.



SEPARATE ROOMS
LIGHT PLOT

4

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SPRING MEETING

Comedy. 3 acts. By M.

5 males, 4 females. 2 inter

Successfully produced at the City, and in London. Sir Rich member of the Irish gentry wh petulance. His two daughters, ting a husband, and Baby, w marry, too, conspire with Mi break Sir Richard away from some of his money for dowries. With the arrival of Tiny Fox-Collier, an old-time sweetheart of the widower baronet, and her son, Tony, things begin to take on a different aspect. Tiny changes Sir Richard's mode of life, ends his tyranny, procures a bride for her son, and wins Joan her heart's desire. Bijou, a maiden Aunt who is untid

Separate rooms, main
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"HERE TODAY"

Comedy. 3 acts. By George Oppenheimer. 4 males, 4 females. Interior, exterior. Modern costumes.

First produced in New York at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre by Sam Harris. Mary Hilliard, a brilliant playwright, and Philip Graves, a novelist, were married when they were struggling for success, but the marriage didn't "take" because neither of them would face emotional or financial responsibilities. Now Mary hears that Phil, who is in Nassau, is engaged to Claire Windrew, a society girl, but he is having some trouble with Mrs. Windrew. Claire really is in love with Spencer Grant, a Back Bay lad, who is also arriving in Nassau. So Mary and her wise-cracking collaborator, Stanley, set out to help Phil. With a certain witty perseverance the two of them manage to convince Mrs. Windrew that Phil is probably the catch of the season and that Spencer is a no-good absolutely unworthy of Claire, but they no sooner succeed than Mary realizes she is still in love with Phil. Now they must set about convincing Mrs. Windrew in reverse. By this time Claire has decided she can't stand such carefree people and Phil has decided that he still loves Mary. It is funny, witty, and a constant joy.

(Royalty, \$25.00.) Price, 75 cents.

A WOMAN'S A FOOL—

Comedy. 3 acts. By Dorothy Bennett & Link Han-
nah. 4 males, 5 females. Exterior. Modern costumes.

Produced in New York City. This is the story of Mrs. Foster who managed to cleverly keep a wandering husband by letting him have his way. Mr. and Mrs. Foster are successful playwrights who spend most of their time in Bermuda. The combination is a happy one until their home is invaded by a young Russian girl who is interested in getting a role for herself in the new play. After moving carefully the Russian has reason to believe that she can have the role in the play and Mr. Foster in the bargain. Mrs. Foster pretends not to mind, but then she gives herself away. She orders the Russian out of the house, and as is to be suspected, Mr. Foster accompanies the girl. But time and a bright day bring about a reconciliation and the Russian's departure for New York.

"There's enough fun for two comedies."

Philadelphia Bulletin

(Royalty, \$25.00.) Price, 75 cents.